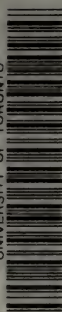


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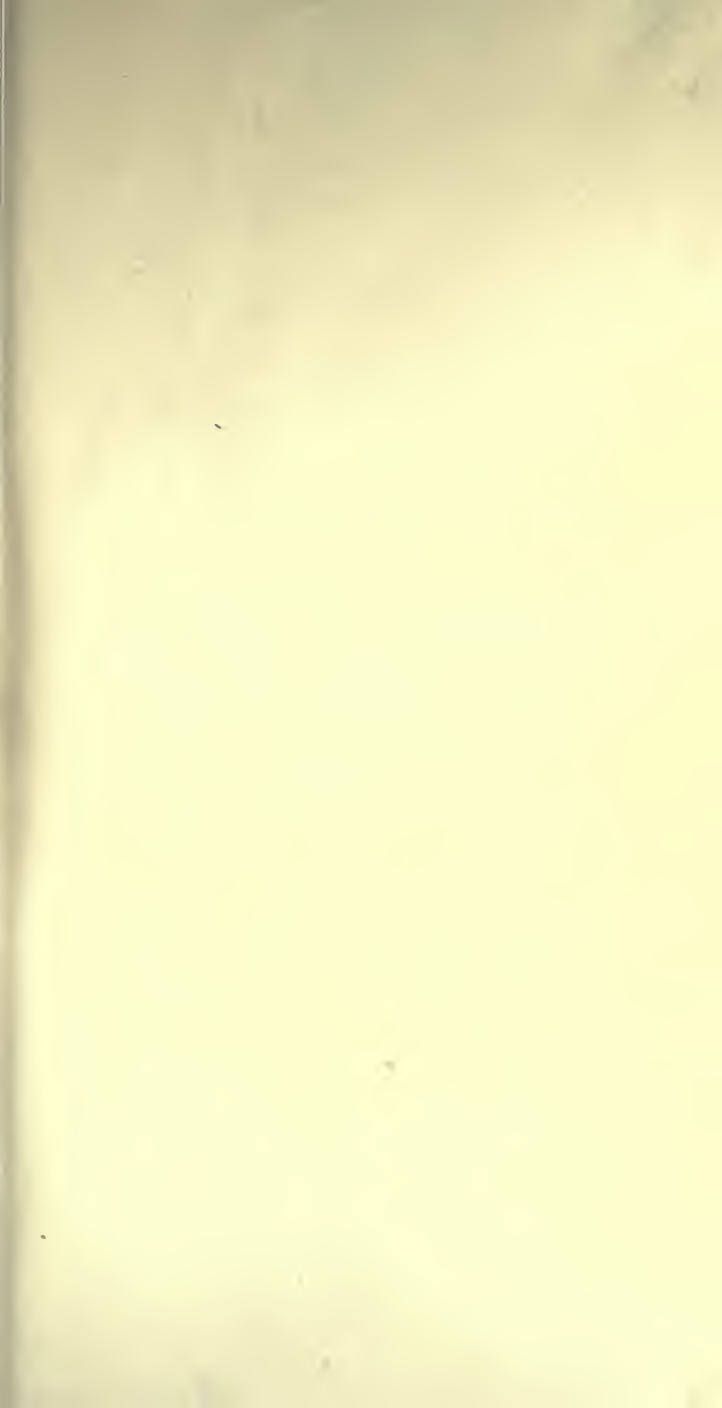
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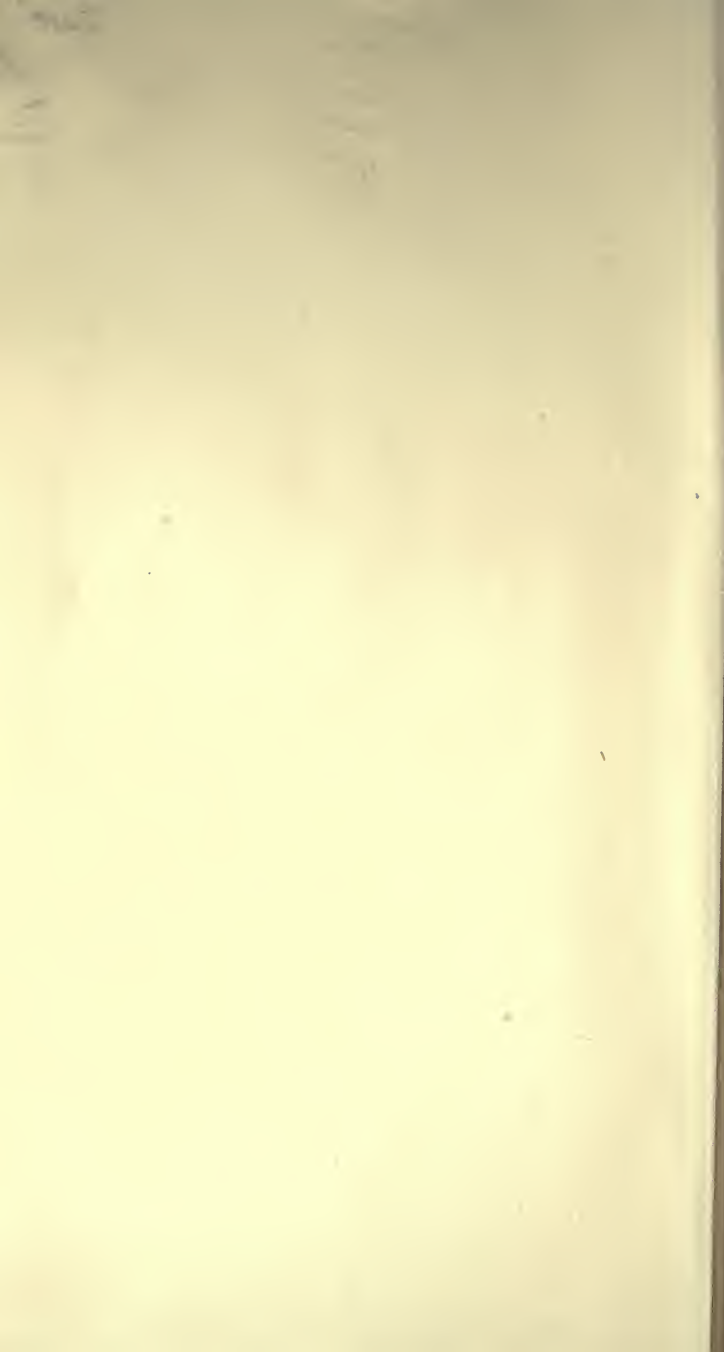


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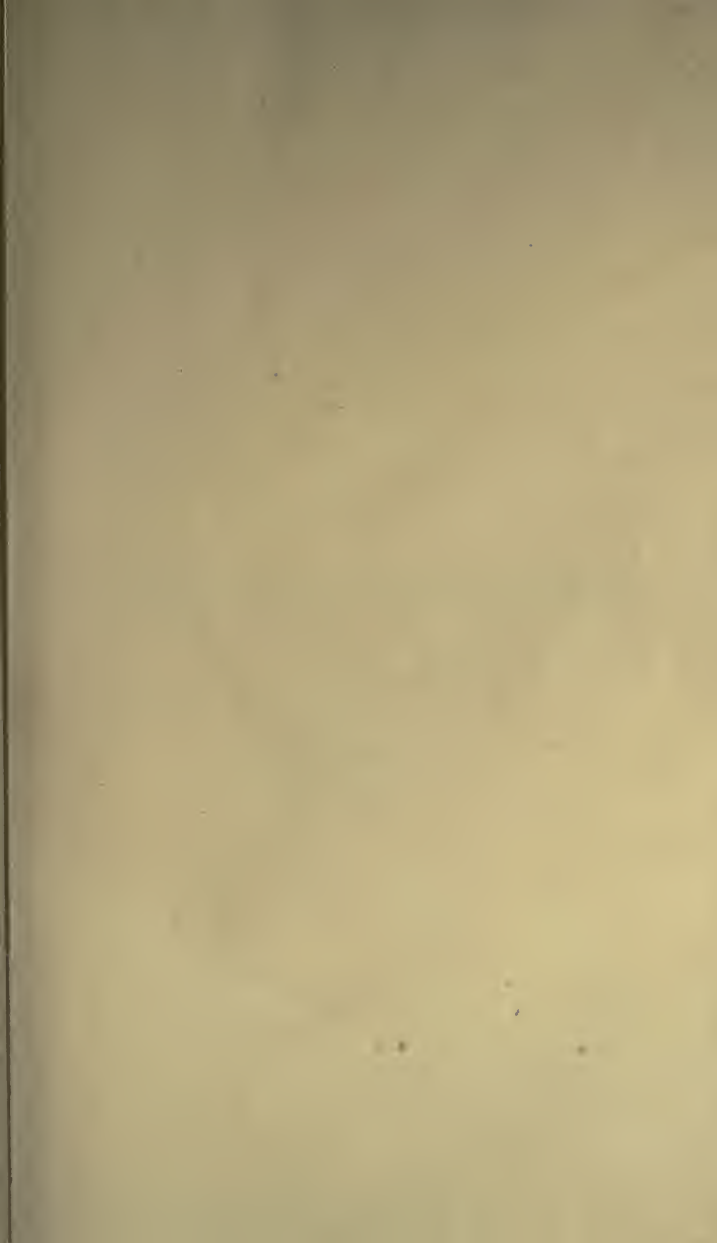
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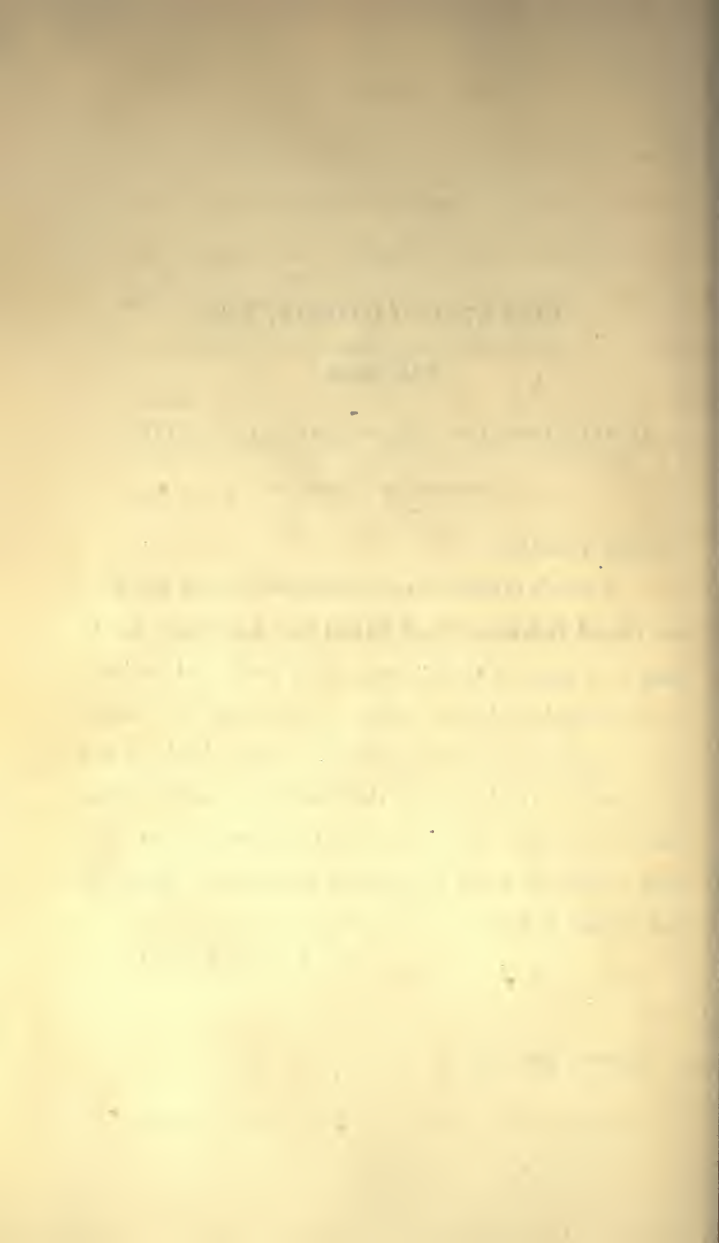
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FANNY.

LONDON, *April*, 1847.



A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.



A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.

Saturday, 20th December.—Left Southampton per steamboat, for Havre, at 10 o'clock at night—the weather clear over head, but blowing very hard—horrible little boat—where, objecting to lie close to two old women, the only empty berths were, one into which the water forced itself, or one in close proximity to the boiler—in the latter I slept. The gale increased to a perfect hurricane: luckily it was in the stern of the ship; but what with it and the thumping of the water, pursuing and overtaking the little steamboat, I thought its poop would be driven in. I have crossed the Atlantic six times, and have never spent a more terrible

night at sea. Came to the bar by eight o'clock in the morning, but the tide was out—the inner harbour without sufficient water to admit us; we therefore lay till twelve o'clock, beaten by a furious wind and frothing angry sea, as sick as possible, and a great deal crosser. The landing, custom-house, &c., all went smoothly enough, to the great delight of my inexperience, which had imagined to itself all manner of horrors.

Put up at the Hotel de l'Amirauté—like an old French noble house—the great quaint room, with its grey *boiserie*—innumerable doors of communication, and bed-rooms and dressing-rooms running into each other in most ingenious intricacy. With a roaring wood fire, and, pulling the chilly furniture all round it, it got to look quite comfortable, but the doors, and cupboards, and exits, and entrances confound me—the place looks made for playing at hide and seek all one's life. The charges high, the people civil, and the house comfortable enough. Horrible day,—

rainy and cold,—the sea, over which our window looks, yellow, bilious-looking, and full of foaming ridges as far as eye can reach, the wind howling over it, and shaking up the loose carpets on the brick floors under our feet, from the great gaps below the shrunken doors. To-morrow towards Rome.

Monday, 22nd.—It is a very great blessing to have a comfortable maid, and the next blessing to that is to have an entertaining one—to expect both would be unreasonable, for the creature, maid, cannot by possibility be both useful and amusing. This morning, as I looked at the pale golden bars of light in the east, flecked with dark copper-coloured clouds that gradually grew dusky red as the great fire of the day kindled behind them, and exclaimed, “How beautiful!” ———, with her innocent mouth wide open, and her grey lack-lustre eyes steadily fixed upon the glowing splendour said, in a tone of philosophic suggestion, “I suppose the sun is going to come up somewhere about there.” I suggested the

moon, or a great fire, but with a smile infinitely more stupid than her seriousness even, she said, "No, she knew better than that!" What a delicious thing pure *niaiserie* is! Shakspeare has done it like everything else—better than any one else—the clown in Anthony and Cleopatra, Audrey, Sir Andrew Aguecheek—jewels of the first water all of them.

In spite of my agonised entreaties to be allowed to get off in time, having still my passport to obtain, the cool and easy people of the house kept me waiting for a coach any length of time, assuring me with all their hideous shrugs and hateful grimaces that I had plenty of time. To the Police-office I went for this indispensable pass ; it was past the office hours, but the functionary had not arrived, and when he did, he leisurely first took off his hat and drew on a warm fur cap, then stripped off his coat, edifying us with his shirt-sleeves the while, and transferred himself to some more easy working jacket ; and finally having, I

sincerely hope, made himself quite comfortable, turned his attention to our business. He merely returned my own passport, bidding me walk into another room and get the *passe provisoire*. The other room, though long after office hours, was not yet open and nobody had arrived to attend to *Messieurs les voyageurs*. I stood perplexed; the Diligence in which our places were taken started at half-past nine. I was afraid I should lose them; the little *gamin du Havre* who had thought fit to stick to me as my Cicerone through this intricate passage of my life, assured me I could go perfectly well without further ceremonies; but remembering my father's injunctions about always having my passport *en règle*, with the fear of the *gensdarmes*, the *Commissaire de Police*, a march under military escort through the streets, and the eventual prison Mr. Murray so obligingly hints at, I rushed back into the den of the comfortable gentleman, and asked him if I really could proceed without having the necessary

alteration made in my passport, to which he very cheerfully replied,—

“ Mais puisque ces messieurs ne sont pas là, je crois que vous n’en mourrez pas,”—whereupon, with a blessing on their loose business habits, I departed.

We got into our *coupé*, and so off to Rouen. Before we were well out of Havre, a heavy snow-storm came on, and the horses of our grotesque equipage were the only part of the prospect which the blinding storm left visible. As, however, I had never travelled by Diligence before, they furnished me with abundant amusement—the variety of their equipment, size, and gait—the obstinate little trot of some, the unprevailing frantic canter of others ; especially did I admire the ingenious twisting up of their tails, which, with an eye to my own back hair, as Dickens calls it, I should like mightily to have the recipe for, because they all held up without any combs. At one pretty steep hill we had an addition of another horse, and thus

went with seven,—four, and three abreast. At the hill of La Valette, which is both long and steep, we took an addition of three horses, and thus, with three file of three proceeded to climb the ascent, a postilion having mounted the near horse of the first file. It so happened, however, that the middle horse of this rank had an invincible repugnance to move, the consequence of which was, that the second and third rank came close upon the haunches of the first, and a scene of most ludicrous confusion ensued ; the insane postilion exhausting himself in blows, oaths, and kicks, ineffectually. The *conducteur* having come down (from heaven, as it appeared), applied an equal amount of oaths on the opposite side, and as many cuts with a whip as could be brought to bear upon the obdurate middle-man under the bellies or over the backs of his companions, whose liveliness increasing wonderfully by this process, while his steadfastness remained unmoved, I expected to see them and the Diligence finally go bodily over the

consistent quadruped. Suddenly the postilion pulled up his blue blouse, snatched a knife out of his pocket, and opening it very emphatically, stabbed his horse twice. Whether this process was medicinal or moral I know not—our exceedingly efficient first file was then marched off, and by dint of their departure, we achieved the ascent.

The railroad crosses a deep valley just here by a very lofty viaduct of many arches, through which the landscape, even at this season, and veiled in the cheerless covering of the new-fallen snow, looked picturesque and pretty enough to make one wish one had seen it in spring under the rosy mantle of its apple-blossoms. Nothing can be flatter or duller than our route—through vast uninclosed fields, at this season bare and dreary in the extreme, and varied only by the little inclosures, like mock fortifications, consisting of an embankment three or four feet high, planted with stiff trees, which curtain and conceal the dwellings of such of the inhabitants as are

not congregated in the villages we passed through. Descending a steep hill into the suburbs of Rouen, one of our wheel-horses fell ; no notice, however, was taken of the accident, and—the carriage coming rapidly upon the poor brute—he regained his legs, as a measure of personal safety, and no one but himself was the wiser. I think, generally, the French are more brutal in the treatment of their animals than we are ; perhaps, however, the noisy demonstrations with which they accompany everything they do, make them seem more ferocious than our quieter people.

At Rouen we got a mouthful of dinner, and having resumed our seats in the Diligence, proceeded to the railroad, where we stopped under a species of square gateway, the top of which was occupied by some machinery, whence depended four powerful iron bars, with hooks at their extremities ; these having been fastened to the Diligence, the machinery at the top was set in motion, and gradually the huge machine—baggage, passengers, and all—was lifted bodily

off its own wheels, and transferred to a set of railroad wheels, upon which it was lowered, and took its place immediately in the train—the common road wheels being dragged off, I should think with much self-gratulation, by the team that brought the monstrous load upon them to the railroad. The rest of our route was made in the dark, in rain, sleet, and bitter cold wind, in spite of which a second-class carriage immediately before ours—without any roof or shelter to it whatever,—was filled with poor people ; many of them women, without any protection for their heads but the cap which the lower order of women habitually go out in. We reached Paris at 10 o'clock, and were again craned up from the railroad cars, and let down to a set of common wheels, wherewith we made our way to the *messageries*. It is twenty years since I was last in Paris, a school-girl.

If I had travelled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at

the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants. Since residing in the United States, I have returned to Europe, and travelled in Germany, and have had some opportunity of comparing smoking and spitting on the Rhine to the same articles on the Hudson, and really hardly know to which to award the preference ; and after raving at every inn I put up at in America for insufficient ablutionary privileges, find myself now in one of the best hotels in Paris, with a thing like a small cream-jug for a water vessel in my bedroom, and a basin as big as a little pudding-bowl : moreover, when I asked for warm water this morning for my toilet, they produced a little copper pot, with an allowance such as the youngest gentleman, shaving the faintest hopes of a beard, might have found insufficient for his purposes—in short, I believe England is the only place in the world where people are not disgustingly dirty ; and I believe, as a dear friend of mine once assured me, that exceedingly few people are clean there. I sent a note to ———,

and he called upon me to-day. His account of Lord John Russell and Peel's alternate rushings down to Windsor are very funny. ———'s book interests me very much indeed: it is exceedingly well written.

What a root that hatred between the Catholic and Protestant Irish has struck into the very being of them, that even in America,—the wide common where every religious persuasion has its right of way—the bitter burning feud lighted cities from one end to another with the blaze of Catholic churches, and cannon were planted in the streets of Philadelphia round the cathedral to protect it from destruction. I remember for two whole days and nights the streets were alight with these hell fires of hate and bigotry, and the air vibrated incessantly with the alarm-bell sounding from one district to another of the city of *brotherly love*. A cab-driver taking me home at night could hardly be persuaded to drive me to the part of the town where I lived, for fear of outrage, because he was a

Catholic ; and I was myself accosted in the street as a Papist, because of the little iron crucifix, that badge of the universal religion of sorrow, which I wear round my neck. The Americans made use of this in their party politics, as they would of facts in chemistry I verily believe, if they could ; but the only *feeling* in the whole business was that of Irish against Irishman—of Orangeman against Papist, —and the proof of it is, that the ranks of the native American party, as it calls itself, are full of Irish Protestants, while the Catholics are the only “imported foreigners,” rejected as such by the framers of that singular party. By-the-bye, ——— writes me word that there has been an attempt to get up a Native American Party in Massachusetts, which has signally failed. Those New England States, I do believe, will be the noblest country in the world in a little while. They will be the salvation of that very great body with a very little soul, the rest of the United States ; they are the

pith and marrow, heart and core, head and spirit of that country.

Friday, 26th December.—Having been assured by the host at the Hotel de France, at Nevers, that we could get places in the Diligence to Chalons, and finding the suite of the Persian Ambassador extremely anxious to possess our rooms, we took our way to the Bureau, and there, upon inquiry for the coach, became aware that these cross-road conveyances were altogether above special hours, which occasioned me some slight misgiving. But, however, the matter could not be helped; we sat, therefore, three-quarters of an hour, entertaining ourselves with impatience, and finally a little cross-country coach, a Diligence of an inferior grade, and with its head and its tail cut off, inasmuch as it had only three horses, and no *rotonde*, made its appearance. Into this exceedingly wretched vehicle we put ourselves, and it was some comfort to me to see the Chef de Bureau put a heavy sack of money into the hands of the *conducteur*, inas-

much as it proved that he was to be trusted to the extent of a thousand francs (the sum he named), giving him certain directions about the disposal of it.

Our road lay for a little while through a country reminding me very much of England,—rolling slopes of ploughed fields, and green meadows divided by hedges, and diversified by clumps of trees, and scattered farm-houses,—an infinitely more agreeable style of landscape than the flat uninclosed fields of Normandy, or the wearisome withered vineyards, with their sheaves of sticks, through which we travelled from Orleans to Nevers. By degrees, however, the country lost its amenity, and assumed a wilder and less cultivated aspect. The Pays Bas, as they call it, of the Nivernois, was lying behind and beneath us as we gradually ascended through withered stunted woodland to the Morvan, the most picturesque, but wildest part of the Department, across which I was venturing upon the faith of friends who had traversed it in summer,—a very different under-

taking, as I presently discovered, from my present December trip. The road was now one continuous ascent, and the unbroken dreary woodland that stretched on either hand, chiefly composed of dwarf oak and elms, with rubbishing underbrush, reminded me of parts of the woods of New Jersey, in the United States ; with this difference, that, whereas the scrub forests cover low swamp lands there—here, the sides of the hills, gradually growing into mountains, were bristling all over with this shabby dwarf forest.

As the short winter day died out, the wind became piercing cold, and when we arrived at the wretched inn, where we were let out to eat something, at Chatillon le Baxoir, it was as dark as pitch, and a perfect hurricane howled over the dismal hill-tops. At this filthy inn, crowded with men in blue blouses and black muzzles, we received the most discouraging accounts of the road further on, which we were assured was blocked up with snow ; still, having received the assurance that the carriage I was in would take

me on to Chalons, I determined to proceed with it : accordingly we sallied forth again, and I soon perceived by the muffled sound of the horses' feet, and the increased slowness with which we toiled up our still ascending way, that the report of the snow was true. By the rapid glare thrown by the single lamp of our wretched vehicle upon the fields as we passed them, I saw that they were sheeted with white ; and at Moulins en Gilbert, a forlorn congregation of ricketty old houses, where the *conducteur* took out his horses, and left us for half-an-hour in the middle of the street, the peasants congregated round the carriage, talked together of the impossibility of our getting on, and how the Diligences had none of them been able to come up into that district for several days on account of the snow. Still, I remembered the emphatical reply of the Chef de Bureau to my emphatical question :—

“ Mr. cette voiture me conduit jusqu'à Châlons ? ”

“ Oui Madame, cette voiture vous conduit jusqu'à Châlons, ”—and sat resigned to my fate.

Nothing could exceed the discomfort of the carriage itself in which we were ; poor ———, worn out with fatigue, had stretched herself at the bottom of the *coupé*, in the straw ; I did the same upon the seat, upon which besides it was not possible to sit without sliding off every five minutes. By and by, through the dreary street, we heard the jingle of our horses, and presently, with sundry foreboding warnings bawled after us by the population of Moulins, we set off again, wearied out with cold and long journeying. We were both at length fast asleep, when suddenly the carriage stopped, and the *conducteur* opening the door against which ——— leaned, she very nearly fell out ; we now received a summons to get out, and the agreeable intelligence, that here we were to change coach, and that the coach not having arrived, we must alight, and wait for it at the inn of Chateau Chinon, where we had arrived.

My dismay and indignation were intense ; the rain was pouring, the wind roaring, and it was twelve o'clock at night. The inn into which we

were shown was the most horrible cut-throat-looking hole I ever beheld ; all the members of the household were gone to bed, except a dirty, sleepy, stupid serving girl, who ushered us into a kitchen as black as darkness itself and a single tallow-candle could make it, and then informed us that here we must pass the night, for that the coaches which generally came up to meet our conveyance, had not been able to come over the mountains on account of the heavy snow for several days. I was excessively frightened ; the look of the place was horrible, that of the people not at all encouraging ; when the *conducteur* demanded the price of the places, which I then recollected the Chef de Bureau had most cautiously refused to receive, because then I should have found out that I was not going to Chalons in his coach, but to be shot out on the highest peak of the Morvan, midway between Chalons and Nevers. I refused to pay until, according to agreement, I was taken to Chalons ; he then refused to deliver up my baggage, and I

saw that all resistance was vain, whereupon I paid the money and retreated again to the black filthy kitchen, where I had left poor ———, bidding her not stir from the side of the dressing-case and writing-box I had left in her charge, with my precious letters of credit and money-bag.

The fire of the kitchen was now invaded by a tall brawny-looking man, in a sort of rough sporting costume ; his gun and game-bags lay on the dresser ; two abominable dogs he had with him went running in and out between our feet, pursuing each other, and all but knocking us down. I was so terrified, disgusted, and annoyed, that I literally shook from head to foot, and could have found it in my heart to have cried for very cowardice. I asked this person what was to be done ; he answered me that he was in the same predicament with myself, and that I could do, if I liked, as he should,—walk over the mountain to Autun the next day.

“What was the distance ?”

“Ten leagues.” (Thirty miles.)

I smiled a sort of verjuice smile, and replied, —“ Even if we two women could walk thirty miles through the snow, what was to become of my baggage ? ”

“ Oh, he did not know ; perhaps if the snow was not higher than the horses’ bellies, or if the labourers of the district had been out clearing the roads at all, the master of the house might contrive some means of sending us on.”

In the midst of the agony of perplexity and anxiety, which all these *perhapses* occasioned me, I heard that the devilish conductor and conveyance which had brought me to this horrid hole, would return to Nevers the next day at five o’clock, and making up my mind, if the worst came to the worst, to return by it thither, and having blown the perfidious Chef du Bureau of the country Diligence higher than he had sent me in his coach, take the Paris Diligence on its way through Nevers, for Lyons straight,—this of course at the cost of so much money and time wasted,

With this alternative, I had my luggage carried up to my room, and followed it with my faithful and most invaluable ———, who was neither discouraged, nor frightened, nor foolish,—nor anything that I was,—but comported herself to admiration. The room we were shown into was fearful looking; the wind blew down the huge black gaping chimney, and sent the poor fire, we were endeavouring in vain to kindle, in eye-smarting clouds into our faces. The fender and fire-irons were rusty and broken, the ceiling cracked all over, the floor sunken, and an inch-thick with filth and dirt. I threw open the shutters of the window, and saw opposite against the black sky, the yet thicker outline of the wretched hovels opposite, and, satisfied that at any rate we were in the vicinity of human beings of some description, we piled our trunks up against a door that opened into some other room, locked the one that gave entrance from the passage, and with one

lighted tallow candle, and one relay, and a box of matches by my bed-side, I threw myself all dressed upon the bed. ——— did the same upon a sofa, and thus we resigned ourselves to pass the night.

I did not close my eyes, however ; the nervous anxiety I was suffering, the howling of the storm, beating the heavy wooden shutters against the windows, the pattering of the rain which fell through the roof of the house and the broken ceiling of the room, on the floor by the bed-side ; all was so wretched and forlorn, that I lay awake and exceedingly uncomfortable till daylight, when I fell asleep. It was an extreme comfort to me to have found that, besides the above mentioned Nimrod, a decent peaceable looking soldier and a young peasant lad were among the detenus, as well as ourselves, at this miserable hostelry. I had some thoughts of hiring the soldier at double his daily pay, to act as my body-guard to Chalons. I wonder how it is that I am considered a brave woman, which I very generally am ; I certainly

am one of the most cowardly ones I ever knew. The daylight having a little quieted my nerves, I fell asleep, from which state of beatitude ——— awoke me, by informing me that some one was at the door. I bade her open it, and a most ill-looking man, with only one eye, extremely marked with the small-pox, and with his white-brown face set in a thick frame of bushy black hair, and clad in the everlasting coarse blue blouse, made his appearance. He said he was the master of the house, and post-master likewise, and that hearing that I wanted to go on to Autun, he was come to tell me that he would take me on in some conveyance of his own, but that he would not engage to do it under sixty francs, because he must have four horses, and perhaps a yoke of oxen to get us over the mountain. This appeared to me perfectly outrageous, and I declined the offer, whereupon this ill-visaged host of ours withdrew. I found that even the very steady nerves of ——— were not proof against the forbidding appearance of this man,

and she advised me, by no means to trust myself with him, especially as he had said that, on account of the depth of the drifts, it might be necessary to turn off the road into the woods and across the fields.

I now determined to send for the chasseur of the night before. I had ascertained from the people of the inn that he was a man of some property in the district, and I thought I had better inquire of him what my best course would be ; he came into my room with his coat all tucked up to his waist, ready for his expedition. He said the price the man asked was exorbitant, but that he thought I could trust myself with him in perfect safety, and that he would guarantee our arriving in all security at Autun. He described the country we were going through as extremely picturesque and well worth seeing in summer, but highly undesirable for travelling in in winter ; said the roads were often impassable for weeks together, and that during the winter the villages scattered among the mountains were snowed up

so as to be utterly inaccessible. He still expressed his determination to walk, which he said the soldier and the peasant boy were prepared to do also. I entreated him to give me the protection of his company in the carriage we were going in ; he laughed and said that the sort of carriage we were going in would very barely hold two persons, but that he and the soldier would fasten their small luggage on with ours and keep our conveyance in view the whole time. Much comforted by this, we proceeded to dress, and sent word to the Polypheme, our host, that we agreed to his terms.

The violent rain of the night had washed away the snow very much, and word was brought that the cantonniers were out along the road clearing the places where it had been blown into deep drifts. To my unspeakable satisfaction I saw it streaming from the filthy and tattered thatch of the mud-coloured houses, and the blessed sun beckoned us on with an encouraging gleam. It was in vain,

however, that I urged our departure. I little knew the preparations making for our comfort. Meantime the gentleman campagnard, to whom I perceived my anxiety and alarm occasioned some amusement, entertained me with some account of the country and of his own hunting exploits and adventures therein. This district lies remote from any direct line of travel, and the climate being severe, and the soil, in such patches as are not clothed with forest, poor—the people are extremely miserable and uncivilised. Some of the largest estates of some of the oldest families of France lie however in the vicinity of the Montagne du Mowan, but are visited only rarely for short intervals of time by the proprietors, whose brief and infrequent sojourn made chiefly, too, solely for the purpose of hunting excursions, does not in any way much benefit the inhabitants of these mountains. The forest with which they are covered, and which extends for many leagues, is the great wood reservoir of Paris, the woods being partially

reaped every few years, to supply Paris with fuel. Foxes, wild goats, wild boars, and wolves, my informant assured me, were abundant all through the district; and he wound up his catalogue of its rather savage recommendations by saying, that last year a band of robbers infested the road through the mountains, sixty of whom had been secured, which had broken up the speculation. I thought my sporting friend was trying the extent of my anxiety, but defeated his own purpose, for that story made me laugh, which was more than his account of crossing the mountain once on horseback, and being compelled to dismount and fray a passage for himself and his horse, breast high in the drifted snow did. This was rather more the complexion of danger that I apprehended, and I conjured him, together with the soldier and peasant-lad, who now made their appearance, to keep us in sight in case of any accident befalling our conveyance. This they promised to do; and from the time of our leaving the

inn-door we saw no more of any one of them. By the bye, I think it not amiss to add, for the benefit of future ladies-errant, who may chance to be left at Chateau Chinon, and to the tender mercies of its post-master and country gentlemen, that when I appealed to the latter on the subject of the monstrous charge of the former, he coolly replied, that it was rather exorbitant, but that such an *occasion* did not often fall in mine host's way, and he naturally wished to profit by it.

Remonstrance was vain. We were at length summoned to proceed, and found a crazy, dirty, rickety sort of gig, or cabriolet, at the door, to which were harnessed, with chains, ropes, and packthread, in equal proportions, and tandem fashion, a crazy, dirty, rickety pair of miserable horses. The team of four horses and oxen were no where apparent, for which I was going to pay sixty francs ; but as I wanted to go in any way and at any cost, I said nothing, but climbed into the seat, which, partly from its shape, and

partly from the hay with which, for our protection from the cold, it had been stuffed, seemed to me very like trying to sit in a manger. Our trunks were chained, corded, and packthreaded (*ficellé*) on behind, all but one large one, which lay across our feet before, and served our one-eyed Jehu for a seat. Thus we set forth, I confess, with most fearful misgivings on my side, that such an equipage was likely to give out in more than one of its parts on such a road.

Moving from the yellow, squalid-looking village, we immediately descended a deep valley, where patches of the vivid green that is seen on the mountain sides of Switzerland appeared here and there, where the rain had washed the snow thin, and the sun had laid them bare; between them ran gushing brooks of living water, and far below, in alternate basins and cones, rose and sank the deep gullies and steep ridges of the dreary fuel district. The road itself across the mountain is admirable, broad, and well made, and in summer I have no doubt that it would be

worth while to pass this way, for the mere wild beauty of the scenery, which now reminded me forcibly of America, and some of the wood and mountain wildernesses round Grey Loch. The driver informed me that all the springs, of which these mountains were full, and which rolled in sparkling abundance through the snow on all sides of us, were tepid in winter, and so cold in summer as to make it dangerous to drink of them. In the emerald strip of valley between two snowy hills, he showed me the head waters of the river Yonne, a rapid, turbulent, narrow mountain stream, which, further down in its course, is tamed to the subjection of carrying the timber felled in the forests to the Seine in rafts. We now began to ascend, and continued to strain up the snowy, dismal mountain-side for upwards of an hour and a-half; the ascent was, according to the driver, three leagues—nine miles, and seemed to follow one half the ridge of a huge bowl in the earth, the sides of which, bristling with wintry woods, and skirted

with snow, sank deeply and darkly down into a circular valley, where at distant intervals we descried, made visible by their black thatched roofs, huddled together like clusters of dark fungi, the miserable villages of the district. Far across this gulf, and right against the sky, on a line level with the heights which we were slowly climbing to, he pointed out the roof of a house, and saying, "the road passes by that, and afterwards ascends for another mile, then keeps the ridge of the mountains in the woods, for three leagues, and then descends," gave us some faint idea of the expedition that lay before us. The cold was bitter, and became momentarily more intense. The mountain-tops, over which the skirts of the clouds were trailing heavily, gradually drew them down in ominous grey tatters across the sky, and the first flakes of a snow-storm really made me feel extremely uncomfortable as to the possible termination of our journey : this anxiety passed off, however, as we reached the point so long before indicated to us, and found

that we had accomplished within a mile the ascent of the mountain. The blue sky smiled through the grey cobwebs of snow-clouds floating about us, and sun-light suddenly struck the grim mountain tops all round, and then darted midway into the wintry valleys between them. At this point of the route we came upon a church and a large scattered village of wretchedly poor houses, the most considerable, as our driver informed us, of all the district. Arleaff was the name of this pinnacle of savage poverty ; and the church suggesting ideas of a priest and some secure shelter, I comforted myself with thinking that, in case of accident, Arleaff would be a refuge nine miles nearer than our horrid resting-place of last night. Still we went up, up, up,—and ridge upon ridge of hills heaved like a brown sea in sight—mournful, monotonous, and yet not without a wild grandeur ; through one of the gaps in the mountain view, the driver pointed out Autun, our destination, still upwards of twenty miles distant.

Thus far the road, though savage enough in its surrounding scenery, was by no means either as difficult or as dangerous as he had reported it. In some places where the snow had drifted deep, the peasants had already cleared a passage through it, and though long and tedious for the miserable beasts dragging us, there was nothing whatever to justify the threat of four horses and oxen with which my promise of sixty francs had been extorted. We now began to descend, and the woods closing around us, hid the mountain tops and the valleys, and all but their own bare and dismal depth ; suddenly across the road, from a bank of ten feet high, a sparkling little waterfall sprang down, and ran laughing into the dark wood below. My passion for live water is irresistible : with all sorts of irrational apprehensions and terrors, and some ground for rational anxiety as to the possibility of our getting out of these snowy solitudes while the daylight still favoured us, I could have found in my heart to have

jumped out of the carriage, and accepting the challenge of the little saucy Undine, raced down with it into the black forest depths, where it had hid itself. We now came to a narrow green gorge, where a whole web of glittering brooklets ran twining like a company of silver snakes through the glen. Here stood the stone boundary marking the line between the two departments of the Loire and Haute Saone. And now, with the capriciousness of a mountain climate, the rain began to distil gently upon us. It seemed to be the head-quarters of the water-nymphs of the region. I thought lamentably of my trunks covered only with a layer of straw and some coarse sacking. Another anxiety presently, however, superseded this — rising from this valley of fountains, we gradually approached a more dismal mountain wall than any we had yet traversed; and here where a narrow wood path struck off from the road into the forest, our driver descended from his seat, and walking forward said, that he should turn into this bye-

path, because most likely the road beyond was impassable. I confess to an unspeakably distressing pang of universal dismay at this proposition. There we were to be murdered. How? whether with the stout wood-knife our guide carried in his pocket, or the whip-cord of which he drew interminable supplies from beneath his blouse, and of which I began to think he had an interior manufactory; whether he would finish us outright, or leave us disabled and wounded, to starve in the woods; what snow-drift he would bury us in, or what rushing stream commit us to; whether he had gone on to ascertain that help for him or none for us was at hand; what my father would think of it; and how it would seem to my children, were all agreeable hypotheses that rushed simultaneously into my bewildered brain. My faithful and imperturbable ——— here turned upon me a countenance stupider than ever with dismay, and it was very evident that our panic was simultaneous.

“What is he going to do now?” gasped she.

“Hold your tongue and don’t utter a word,” was my encouraging reply, being always remarkably cross when I am frightened. The one-eyed hideous man returned, reseated himself, drove a few yards further, and suddenly a company of at least a dozen countrymen, their ruddy coarse faces shining with labour, were revealed, lustily shovelling the snow from the road—where passing at the foot of the bleak mountain wall I have mentioned, it suddenly turned the broad shoulder of a lower eminence, and went winding down into a most picturesque and beautiful glen, upon whose side, and the little brown hovels dotting it all over, the ruddy December afternoon sun was glowing. Cherubina herself can never have been more exquisitely terrified or relieved than I was by these very simple events ; and having traversed safely the few rods where the wind had swept the snow to a depth of three or four feet by the space cut by the cantonniers, we now wound rapidly down a steep, broad, beautiful road, overhanging

a most picturesque glen, at the bottom of which, over a strip of fairy green sward, rushed a crystal clear trout stream, full of limpid shallows and foaming sparkling reaches. The steep precipitous bank on the opposite side rose covered with skeleton woods to a vast height, and from their leafless trunks bold masses of grey green rock jutted forth like wardens and donjon keeps overlooking the glen. Our guide pointed out to me a gorge running sharply up, as though a wedge had been driven into the mountains, at the extremity of which he said there was a cascade of upwards of a hundred feet. The scenery of this region must certainly be exceedingly charming in summer. The gentleman sportsman at the inn had spoken to me of the fine trout in the streams here, and said that several gentlemen of that neighbourhood belonged to trouting clubs, and had actually gone to Norway and to Canada for the sole and simple pleasure of trout fishing. I had no idea that Frenchmen were ever such keen sportsmen. Reverting to

this in my conversation with our driver as we drove along the margin of this lovely brook (a tributary of the Arroux), he informed me that the inhabitants who did not profess to be sporting gentlemen often threw quick-lime into these brooks, and by that means caught and destroyed a quantity of fish. This was a method of poaching I never heard of before.

As we neared the bottom of the glen where the road defiled as through a rocky portal into the smiling friendly plain beyond (how well I did now understand that word *freundlich* as perpetually applied by the Germans in their wild legends to the plains contrasted with the mountains), I gathered courage enough to mention to my one-eyed charioteer Mr. Rochette's account of the robbers in the mountain; he laughed, and yet said it was by no means absolutely false, for that there were at that time, a year ago, two men escaped from justice, who had taken refuge in the woods of the mountains, and who inspired the whole community with terror; not

that they attempted any outrages, for their object was merely, he said, to hide themselves. But the whole country, and the courageous gentlefolks of Autun especially, were terrified beyond measure at them. One was retaken, the other never heard of.

I talked with him of the condition of the labouring population about here, and he described it as exceedingly wretched ; the poverty of the soil and severity of the climate combining to make the means of existence both insufficient and precarious among them. He said the oldest families in France owned property in that region, and named some of the haute noblesse as among the seigneurs of the environs. I was very willing to talk to the man, and yet his revolting appearance, and something particularly low and brutal in his manner, disgusted me extremely. He was a political malcontent, and though a placeman (postmaster) abused the government in a coarse slang that was at once odious and curious. I found he knew Paris very well, and

when he began discoursing of the changes taking place round Notre Dame, and the old nests of squalid iniquity that were being removed about there, I began to think of Eugene Sue and his *Mystères de Paris*, and what with the man's savage and grotesque addresses to his horses, whom he alternately execrated and coaxed in the lowest jargon, his brawny figure, horrible face, and wall eye, thought he might have sat very well for the original of le Maître d'Ecole, or some of his choice associates.

About a league from Autun, which we now discovered scattered about on a mountain side, surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills, and glowing like a copper city in the setting sunlight, we passed a curious moated old country house, round whose very dead-looking walls and closed *persiennes* the gambolling little trout-stream we had followed ran with all its might, and then with all its might away, which, considering the lugubrious aspect of the place, did not surprise me.

Opposite to the Chateau rose a forlorn-looking mountain, with three crosses on its summit.

“That,” said our driver, “was a calvary, to which Madame de ———, proprietress of the Chateau, had herself taken occasionally in her carriage when she visited the estate, and from whence with a telescope she enjoyed a most extensive and beautiful view.”

By the bye, those dismal woods and dreary mountain tops we traversed to-day, were all studded with black wooden crosses, which, accordingly as I thought my driver meant to rob and murder me, or only cheat me of sixty francs, assumed a most melancholy or cheering aspect. They were all black, and as like as sisters. Between four and five o'clock, we crossed the bridge of the Arroux, and passed the ancient Roman ruin called the Temple of Janus, opposite to which the driver pointed out the race-course, where, he said, one of their first and wealthiest proprietaires, a Mr. Mac Mahon, had broken his neck by a fall from his horse, and died on the

spot. "It was very lucky," he added, "it happened on the last day of the races. It would have spoilt all the fun else." He drove to the Hotel de la Poste, and there my worthy conducteur, in spite of the perfect ease with which he had brought us in that light carriage, with only two horses, persisted in demanding his sixty francs, which I gave him, and he departed.

I had fasted all day, not caring to eat anything in that hole at Chateau Chinon ; and, therefore, the clean good dinner and comfortable rooms at the Poste were a great satisfaction to me. There is, however, no rest for the wicked. The Diligence to Châlons was expected at any hour from ten till five in the morning : going to bed was, therefore, out of the question, and alternate naps on the sofa were all ——— and myself could indulge in. At past one the huge nuisance arrived, and all the places that we were able to obtain in it were two seats in the interior, which was already possessed with four lumbering men. The atmosphere of a snuffy German, a French-

man reeking of stale cigar smoke, one or two India-rubber cloaks, and all our respirations, was really atrocious. I kept the window by my face open, and so came alive, and not dead, into Châlons, the dim dawn and struggling starlight having revealed nothing of the country we travelled through but the hazy outline of the hills against the sky. At one time a loud-voiced, disputatious brook ran arguing with us in the dark, close by the carriage side, and, finally disgusted, jumped, with a white gleam, into the wood ; but more of the *accidens du paysage*, as the French people call them, I know not. Now, when we arrived at Châlons, at nine o'clock in the morning, the river was too high, and the steamboats could not pass under the bridges. The traveller will perceive, therefore, as the guide-books say, that unless he wishes especially to visit the black mountains and forests of the Mowan for their own sake, and crosses the Channel and half France for that purpose, it is hardly worth his while to leave the main road

from Paris to Lyons for the facilities and pleasures of a night at Chateau Chinon, a drive in the fuel forests of the Nièvre at six francs a league, and the eventual satisfaction of finding the Saône too dry in summer and too wet in winter, and be compelled (as we must now) to take the Diligence, after all, for Lyons, if that be his ultimate object.

This inn is comfortable, and I must especially celebrate in it an admirable perch from the Saône I had for dinner, which must have weighed nearly two pounds ; it was delicious to eat, nothing could be better, but catching it. I shall sleep in a bed for the first time to-night, since last Wednesday, 24th ; this is Monday, the 29th. What a pity we make our luxuries things of every day and night. I positively look forward to my bed. Who that goes to bed every night ever does ?

We were hurriedly called up at five o'clock in the morning, the Diligence from Paris having arrived, which, failing the boat, was our only

hope for Lyons. We hurried on our clothes and ran down into the dark dirty street, where the huge caravan was waiting. The Coupé was, alas ! already invaded by a fat elderly gentleman who, singularly enough, maintained his station by the door, at which we were obliged to climb in over his legs and knees, he all the time exclaiming, “ c’est cela marcher moi sur les pieds—allez, n’ayez pas peur vous n’etes pas lourde—vous ne me ferez pas mal ”—the wretch, as I afterwards discovered, had had a threatening of gout, and was trembling under the terror of a return of it ; he was a Frenchman, but muffled in dreadnoughts, leggings, and with air cushions under him, and round his neck after the fashion of one of our own self-preserving comfortable gentry ; for a long time it puzzled me excessively to conceive what his motive could have been for allowing us to climb across him to our places, to his and our own intense inconvenience, rather than remove himself to the seat at the other side of the carriage. Upon my letting down the glass next

me, however, he exclaimed, with sudden sensibility, "Ah! mon Dieu, Madame, vous allez vous enrhummer; le vent vient précisément de ce côté là;" which explained his pertinacious avoidance of it.

It was dark long after we set forth from Châlons, but the day began to break brightly and beautifully as we reached the small town of Sennecey, among the hills, and as we attained, after a continuous ascent of some miles the height above Tournus, we had a beautiful view into the valley below, where lay sparkling, like a vast lake, the overflowing waters of the Saone, stretching over meadows and roads far beyond its native bed, overlooked by the picturesque brown outline of the irregular little town, and surrounded towards the horizon, on each hand, by mountaintops glowing in the red morning light. We have been most particularly unlucky in our route, the overflowing of the Saone has prevented our going down the river, giving us a wearisome journey of sixteen hours in a coach instead of eight in the

steamboat. Moreover the waters were out all over the shortest coach road, so that we were compelled to take the longest—and, as it was expected that the river would be navigable and, of course, resorted to in preference to the road, no relays of horses were to be had, and, on our arrival at Tournus the conducteur most obligingly informed us that the time of our stay there would be uncertain, inasmuch as there were no horses to be had, and we must wait until the Diligence from Lyons arrived, when we should take their tired horses, and they ours, with this difference, to our disadvantage, that their team would be taken immediately from their coach, and transferred to ours, while ours would, at least, have rested a short space of time before they were again put into harness. Resignation is the virtue I recommend to travellers in all parts of the world, but England, where they have comparatively no need of it.

Our companion of the coupé was a well-informed and intelligent man, who had travelled a

great deal all over Europe, and was now engaged in some mission of observation concerning the muslin manufactories in various parts of France, which are undersold by the Swiss, who produce in great quantities an inferior article, which is brought into France, and sold cheaper than the native manufacture. My friend was chief inspector of the Customs at Lyons, and had been sent on this muslin mission by the Minister of the Home Department. He was a very agreeable companion, and a great antiquarian and amateur in matters of art and vertù, and having fortified his indisposition by an early and abundant meal, proposed to me to employ our leisure (which was likely to prolong itself indefinitely) by visiting the curious old Romanesque church of Tournus, dedicated to St. Philibert ; it once belonged to a very large and important Abbey of Benedictine monks, some remains of whose dwellings are to be detected incorporated in the irregular buildings which surround the church ; it is itself extremely picturesque and

curious. In observing attentively the square towers with their elegant round open arches, we were much puzzled to remark at the angle of one of them a single figure standing caryatid fashion, of extremely old workmanship, crowned, and representing probably some queen or royal saint whose legend must in some way connect itself with the building : the figure, which is extremely coarsely executed, is clad in a short garment reaching only half-way down the leg ; and the feet not resting on the cornice, which is at some distance below them, it has the appearance of being hung, at the corner of the tower, rather than supporting it. On entering the church my antiquarian companion explained to me that in all probability the narthex or vestibule had its original pavement much below the one which we now stood upon ; this he deduced from the evidently truncated appearance of the thick round pillars which supported it, and which he said he felt satisfied must be some ten or twelve inches below the

surface of the present pavement ; as the latter gradually sank by a most perceptible inclination to that of the nave of the church, there seemed some probability in his suggestion, and the pillars themselves had a singular appearance of disproportionate thickness, which gave it further force. He told me that all the churches built at a very early period, of which this was evidently one, descended by a step or two from the ground without ; the action of thus stepping down into the sanctuary being considered typical of the descent of Jesus into the water of the Jordan.

It is extremely painful to me to come from a mere motive of curiosity into a temple dedicated to God ; my conscience rebukes and troubles me the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians with theirs turned to the earth in solemn

contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously ; and I do not know what will become of me in Italy, where every church is a galantee show. I prayed as I stood before the altar in this dear little old church, and presently we encountered M. le Curé, with whom my companion (an exceedingly companionable soul) began a lively discussion about the repairs being carried on in the church, which is a building belonging to the Government, and is being restored with considerable care. Some of the old capitals of the pillars had grotesque figures of animals on them, others elegant floral adornments, but they were all of them various. The Curé, to whom my antiquary explained the fact of the ancient floor of the narthex being in all probability below the present one, seemed incredulous, but said there was a crypt below, with a painting in fresco of the ninth century, whereof the antiquary, in his turn, seemed incredulous. He pointed out to the Curé, with extreme warmth, the remains demonstrating the existence of a jubé, or rood

loft, above the high altar, and besought him pathetically to exert himself to have it restored. The conversation, owing to the antiquary's general enthusiasm for old churches, and the Curé's special enthusiasm for his own old church, was extremely amusing and interesting to me. The former objected vehemently to some wretched engravings surrounding the walls, representing the seven stations, as the Catholics call them, of Jesus bearing his cross. For me, after one glance cast at these abominations—I had forborne to look again—all representations of Christ being revolting to me, all representations of his agony absolutely intolerable;—what will become of me in Italy! In spite of the positive pain and disquiet which these desecrations cause me, I could not help smiling at the artistical point of view in which my travelling companion regarded the matter.

“Le peuple ignorant,” said M. le Curé, “a besoin d’objets visibles qui lui frappent les sens” —

“Eh bien, eh bien,” said the antiquary; “don-

nez-lui en, de par le diable mettez une croix à chacune de ces stations, et ôtez-moi ces affreuses gravures, car je vous demande un peu, si le bon dieu que voilà ne fait pas une bien vilaine grimace ? Et le peuple ignorant, il faut lui donner le bon goût, l'amour du beau dans les arts, et la religion en même temps."

He objected too, and with some allowance from M. le Curé, to the engraving representing St. Veronica wiping the sweat from our Saviour's brow, while he is dragging his cross on his hands and knees, as a legend unauthorised by Scripture.

Supposing that the horses must have come, we took leave of the curious old church and its modest *Curé*, and wended our way through the crooked filthy streets, back to la Poste : on the way I met an old peasant woman, with the singular black beaver hat with lace lappets that the peasants of a district not far from Tournus wear—it is a mere ornament, for it covers no part of the head, being set down upon the fore-

head and up behind, and fastened round the head, which is covered with a cap, by a broad black silk riband. Arrived at the Poste, we found the horses were not yet come, and walked on to the suspension-bridge, over the Saone, whose swollen rapid current had invaded its banks on both sides far beyond its proper bed. Presently, the welcome intelligence arrived of the approach of the Lyons Diligence—the wretched horses from which being transferred to our vehicle, we immediately set off to take them over the same ground. A little beyond Tournus, as the Diligence was slowly ascending a steep hill, a very pretty-looking countrywoman hailed it, and asked for a seat ; there was none inside, and the conductor, and even our companion in the *coupé* in vain endeavoured to persuade her that there was neither danger nor difficulty in climbing to the top, outside the huge mountain of a carriage ; this, however, she declined. I think the selfishness of Frenchmen far more revolting than that of my own countrymen, because it is

accompanied by an everlasting grimace of politeness and courtesy which means nothing whatever.

As we continued our road, it became alive with groups of men and women, the latter all with the curious little black beaver hat, and in a gay and singular costume not unlike that of some of the Swiss cantons. They were all carrying baskets and leading or driving cattle, and from groups of two and three at a time, presently increased almost to a continuous stream, till we reached a little village, whose name, as far as I could distinguish what they said to me, was Ste. Pivie. Here there was a fair, which had already lasted two days, and was to end this evening by a dance ; the streets were thronged, and we absolutely drove between two dense walls of human beings—the men all in the coarse blue blouse, which seems universal to French mankind : the women in a curious costume—dark petticoats, bright scarlet handkerchiefs over their bosoms, caps on their heads, and the peculiar beaver hat I have mentioned stooping forward

almost to their noses—many of these were covered with an immense profusion of black lace, and ornamented with gold cord and tassels, the whole effect being striking and picturesque, though from the narrow form of their dress across the bosom and shoulders, it was individually unbecoming. My antiquarian friend and myself looked in vain from each window for a pretty face to set off this peculiar attire ; in all the population of the district gathered together there for the fair, we saw but one good-looking girl—a small allowance among so many hundreds. We stopped in the market-place, and a man issuing from one of the shops offered to sell me one of the hats which the women wore. I was tempted to buy one, but declined upon his demanding forty francs for it, nor would I renew the treaty, though he immediately offered it to me for thirty, and assured me that many of the peasant women bought them at a hundred francs. They evidently take great pride and pleasure in them, and in spite of the everlasting fitness of

things, which they offend outrageously, they are very pretty.

As we proceeded on our way, I began already to observe the flattening roofs, with their gentle, gradual slope, like those of Italian houses, so different from the high-peaked Norman roofs, which seem kindred to the caps of the Normandy women. We now began to see hanging under the projecting eaves of the houses long strings of maize or Indian corn—the ears were strung to each other like branches of bananas, and, covered over with nets, hung their great golden clusters round the houses, upon whose walls the withered brown tracery of the vines attested the milder climate we were approaching. We did not reach Bourges till night, so saw nothing of its fine cathedral, which is so curious and so beautiful. A stage beyond that we remained from ten till twelve at night, in the middle of the road, waiting for horses, as we had done at Tournus ; a more wretched night I never passed. We did not reach Lyons till seven o'clock in the morning

of Tuesday, having started from Chalons at five o'clock on Monday, a most horrible, tedious, and fatiguing journey, though the roads were far from bad.

I went to the Hotel de l'Europe, where I would not advise any one to go who is not inclined to be shamelessly fleeced: the rooms we were shown into were surrounded with gods and goddesses, the painted panels representing Venus presenting Cupid to Vulcan, Juno suckling Hercules, Nessus attempting to carry off Dejanira, and on the ceiling, the whole synod of the gods of Greece; en revanche, in our bed-rooms we had less than the usual scanty allowance of washing apparatus, and as neither the beds nor table were particularly good, I mention the decorations that future travellers may know for what advantages they are expected to pay more dearly than at the first hotels in Paris. In driving to the banker's, and to make a few purchases, I had some opportunity of seeing the city, which has some very fine streets

and buildings. The windows of our hotel overlook the market-place, with its ruddy and golden fruit-stalls, and its peasant women, in broad-brimmed straw hats over close caps, some of whom became their picturesque head-dress extremely. Beyond the turbid, swollen Saone, which threatens another inundation, the old cathedral and a row of fine modern buildings skirt the river, and rising abruptly behind them, the steep heights of Fourvieres, with their girdle and crown of fortifications, draw an irregular picturesque indented outline midway up the sky.

Lyons, however, with its fearful and bloody recollections of early martyrdom and late insurrection, together with the horrible memories of revolutionary butchery which have baptized the streets, overflowing with human blood, with names which perpetuate the butcheries of Collot d'Herbois and his barbarous associates, is to me a very painful place even to sojourn in, and the knowledge of its swarming population, whose turbulent viciousness and poverty are alone kept

in check by the batteries which grin down upon the city from every surrounding height, made me glad to shake the dust of it off my shoes. During the course of the day I had two visits from my travelling companion, who, having reached his house, and shaved, and comforted himself, and ascertained the safety of certain valuable and beautiful candelabra he was bringing with him from Paris, as an addition to a collection of objects of vertù, in which he takes great pride and delight, came to pay his respects to me. He returned again in the evening, bringing with him an extremely pretty and ladylike person, his daughter, and followed by a servant, carrying certain objects from his collection, of which he had spoken to me on our road, and which he was determined I should not leave Lyons without seeing. These were some extremely beautiful miniature copies of the Marriage of St. Catharine and the Madonna della Seggiola, by his eldest daughter; they were admirably executed, and certainly bespoke a very great talent, both as

copyist and miniature painter ; he next showed me a very curious old casket enamelled upon gold, and representing the twelve labours of Hercules. The hypothesis by which the worthy owner of this veritable antique traced its original possession to some royal Mary or Margaret of France, reminded me a little of Mr. Oldbuck, nevertheless it was undoubtedly very old and very curious. The next treasure he showed me,—and it was one,—was a steel spur which had belonged to Francis I., and was, he said, the undoubted work of Benvenuto Cellini ; it was originally in the royal collection in Paris, and at the time of the Revolution, when its valuable contents were abandoned to the pillage of the public assassins,—for whom Garrat demanded the salary of judges, inasmuch as their butcheries were, according to him, the sacred ministry of justice,—fell into the hands of a gentleman who subsequently sold it to my friend. The Government exerted itself after the Revolution to recover some of the more valuable articles which

had been removed from the garde meuble royal, but an immense number had been dispersed beyond recovery, and such objects as were made of the more precious metals melted and sold; fortunately, this beautiful spur being in steel, escaped all injury, and came into the hands of a most enthusiastic and worthy possessor; there were no less than sixteen figures, several of them spirited equestrian ones, upon the sides of the spur, and it was altogether elegant and beautiful enough to deserve the credit of being Benvenuto Cellini's workmanship, and Francis the First's sign of knighthood. At ten o'clock on the morning of Wednesday 31st December, we left Lyons by the boat for Valence, none, as ill-luck would have it, going for Avignon to-day, so that we have another stoppage on the road. The ticket-office where we secured our passages was besieged with men and women, stinking of garlic, and otherwise so utterly foul and offensive that I thought I should have fainted while squeezing my way through them to obtain our tickets.

The Rhone is like a younger Rhine, with lower hills, a narrower stream, and fewer castellated ruins. It is very beautiful, however; and even at this bleak and dreary season gives token of what its glory must be when the earth is in her holiday attire. Towards Valence it becomes exceedingly picturesque; and when we stopped for the night below the suspension-bridge, the scene was very perfect with its romantic rocky outline scolloping the evening sky, the exulting and abounding river rushing whirling and eddying away, and the old clay-coloured towers rising in irregular masses, backed by the distant mountains, whose dark blue line melted into the cloud-curtain that drooped over them.

I put up with a wretched double-bedded room on the second floor, the only one we could obtain. It is curious enough that in the most miserable and filthy inns in France, where the floors of the rooms are unconscious of brooms, scrubbing-brushes, or even the despicable French suc-

cedaneum *cirage*, you are sure to get good beds, clean bed and table linen, good coffee, comparatively good food, and almost elegant china.

On board the boat to-day, the filth of which was really all but intolerable, food was being served to the passengers, the cleanliness and nice appearance of which was really curious, contrasted with the disgusting dirt of the decks. Oh, my poor dear American fellow-citizens ! how humbly, on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat, in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with men hawking and spitting ; and, whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here to-day would have been the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes. How I thought, too, of the honour and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to

Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the most respectful civility, the most humane protection, from every man she meets, without the fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence,—travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she were the sister or the daughter of every man she meets.

Sitting in the boat with my back to a cutting wind all day, I was seized on my arrival at Valence with a violent chill. I got to bed in all haste, but passed the night in a high fever, and began to fear I should be too ill to proceed in the morning. Fortunately this passed off, and on rising I found myself considerably better. A boat went by the wharf at about nine o'clock, but not having been led to expect one so early, we were not ready. As soon as I was dressed and had breakfasted, as the morning was beautiful, I took a walk on the suspension-bridge. The day was lovely, the old

Chateau de Crussol sprang up from its rocky pedestal into the morning blue ; and the river turned up its eddies of chrysoprasus to the gleams of the sun, and glanced away in huge swathes, like some bright molten metal. The bridge is itself a beautiful object, with its classical arch in the middle, the noble stream it spans, and the varied mountain outlines between which it swings like a delicate spider's web of man's spinning, hanging mid-way between heaven and earth. At twelve o'clock the boat came down to the wharf, and we embarked. I did not dare stay on deck for fear of catching cold, and came to the pavilion where I lay down. Here, again, I had reason to think of my strictures on the Americans ; here was a room full of children, and every one of them stuffing. I must, however, state in favour of the French system, that they were not eating cakes or candy, but bread and chicken,—an infinitely less deleterious process. I passed the day below.

Although the weather was beautifully fine,

we had the annoyance and disappointment of being informed by the captain of the boat that he should stop at St. Esprit, thirty miles from Avignon, because the daylight would not serve him beyond the former place, and the current runs so very strong that the navigation would not be safe. This is really too bad. Thus we lose to-night's *malle poste* from Avignon, and must moreover lose the whole day to-morrow,—the coaches only leaving Avignon in the evening. At five o'clock, we came alongside the wharf at St. Esprit, and between the rosy sunset and the pale uprising of a young moon, with a bright star that seemed come out to look after her, ——— and I threaded our way through the narrow dark streets, to the stone bridge over the river, and walked over to the other side and back again. It is the longest stone bridge in the world, and the passage of it is attended with some danger, the current running furiously, and with some most sudden sweeps and eddies through it. The view from it of the

town and its back-ground of mountain points was very picturesque. We came back to the boat to pass the night there, preferring that to the beds and bugs of the best inn of St. Esprit.

Friday, 2nd January.—Though our sofa-beds in the cabin were narrow, cold, and hard, the report of our fellow-travellers, who had gone on shore to sleep, confirmed me in the belief that we had chosen the better part. As for the unhappy wretches, female and male, who had herded all together in the larger cabin of the boat, because there was a fire there, their undone looks, as the French say, proclaimed enough the nature of their sleeping privileges. At about half-past six we started for Avignon : a brilliant sun darted almost oppressively into the cabin, while the wind on deck was so piercingly cold, that it was impossible for anything that had not the hide of a rhinoceros to endure it.

No carriage being to be obtained at the wharf, we set out to walk to the Hotel de l'Europe, and

encountered in its full perfection the aerial pest of this part of the country—the horrible mistral, and certainly Eolus has no more detestable progeny. I do not think the sirocco can be more intolerable than this cruel keen blast, piercing one's very bones, and chilling one's marrow, and choking up eyes, mouth, and nose—the very doors and windows of life, with dust, while a satirical scorching sun shines mercilessly down on one, glaring, blinding, and yet giving not a particle of warmth. A carriage met us half way, and carried us up to the Hôtel de l'Europe.

Looking at the crumbling arches of the ruined stone bridge across the Rhone, I said to our guide :—

“Ce sont les eaux qui ont fait cela ?”

“Pardon, Madame, c'est la revolution.” Truly floods and fires are fearful things,—the heart of man is far more fearful, and the desolations of outward nature smile beside the abomination of desolation which human nature in its wickedness creates. At the Hôtel de l'Europe we were

shown into a comfortable room, with an equally comfortable bed-chamber adjoining. Our breakfast, which was excellent, was served without a moment's delay ; and having ascertained, to my inexpressible delight, that a Diligence would be starting in half an hour for Marseilles, the conscientious and obliging host took the utmost pains to facilitate my departure by it, although, of course, himself the loser of my day's sojourn in Avignon. The coach was one coming from Lyons, and fortunately vacant places were to be obtained in it ; we, therefore, prepared joyfully, instantly to depart, the hostess of the inn coming, with the utmost kindness and civility, to take leave of us, presented me with a beautiful bunch of flowers, roses, violets, myrtle, and laurestinus. Murray speaks of this as one of the most agreeable and comfortable inns in all France, and especially celebrates the courtesy and attention of the landlord, and I am sure I have reason to do the same, for, during the short stay I made there, nothing could exceed the

civility I met with ; the prices, too, appeared to me extremely moderate, and everything that was furnished to us was good, with the exception of the butter—which, however, can only be had of a very inferior quality, because it is brought all the way from Lyons, the neighbourhood of Avignon furnishing no pasturage whatever.

On entering the Diligence, I found only one place in the body of the coach, and one in the *coupé* vacant ; such, however, was my desire to proceed, that I separated myself for the first time from my beloved ———, and putting her into the interior, ascended the *coupé* with two of our fellow-travellers down the Rhone, from whom I learnt in the course of conversation, that Mr. ———'s courier might have secured the whole *coupé* to me, and only failed of it by some mistake,—by which, however, they profited to pursue their journey without delay. I was not quite selfish enough to regret this, although I was half squeezed to death in the small portion

of what ought to have been *all* my *coupé*, which these gentlemen allowed me. I found in the course of conversation that they were Lyonese, having business relations with Marseilles. Mention having been made of the enormous quantity of lard and pork lately sent from America to the port of Marseilles, the conversation turned upon the national credit, perhaps I ought to say discredit, of the United States. It is impossible to conceive anything more painful and mortifying to one, either by birth or adoption an American, than the contemptuous and reproachful comments which any mention of the United States is sure to elicit. The commercial and financial delinquencies of some of the States, but principally of Pennsylvania, have created an universal impression throughout Europe of utter want of faith, honour, and integrity on the part of the whole nation. The Florentine millionaire, the Lyons antiquary, and these Marseilles merchants, all within three days, have uttered opinions respecting the character of the Ameri-

cans, which, however mistaken and exaggerated in some respects, have quite foundation enough, in fact, to occasion bitter annoyance to any one loving America, and wishing to honour her. It is the most difficult thing in the world to make these people comprehend the complex movement of the federal and state governments, or to explain to them, that while in certain of the states, from real inability, and in others, perhaps, from positive dishonesty, the public securities have turned out no securities at all; there exist others, again, whose credit, both financial and moral, is as solid, whose investments are as safe, as any in the world:—it is impossible to make them understand it; the general government appears to them responsible for the State insolvencies. The United States bank is, to their apprehension, a government institution, instead of a private speculation; and President Polk and Nicholas Biddle, and Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachussetts, and South Carolina, are all involved together in one broad sentence of

national dishonesty and want of faith. If there had been no dishonesty and no want of faith, of course these sweeping judgments could not have gone forth.

The Americans console themselves for the strictures of Englishmen, by attributing them to national jealousy, envy, or prejudice ; but I have heard in France more severe animadversions upon their delinquencies than any since the days of Sidney Smith's indignant addresses to the Pennsylvanians.

While discoursing upon these matters we travelled along the banks of the Durance. One of the earliest recollections of my school-days is the old French romance of "Aux Bords de la Durance ;" and now, as Nell, in the Devil to Pay, says, "This is it." But, oh ! for the imaginations of those days, and the reality of this. The Durance races in three turbid yellowish strings, along a huge dry bed of dusty pebbles, attesting indeed what its width must be when, swollen with the melted snows and rains of spring,

it overflows this valley, now showing its bare bones to the scorching sun and pitiless wind. I never saw so bleak and forbidding a prospect in its intolerable glaring barrenness ; the hills rose sharp and hard into *le beau ciel de la Provence*—their stony craggy elbows coming through their thin tattered cloak of rusty brown. The three threads of water left of the river scampered over heaps of shingly pebbles ; the road, like a huge chalk-mark across the arid land, was betrayed, where the eye could no longer follow it, by the clouds of white dust rising for miles along its dreary course, swept by the *mistral*. The sun shining into the narrow *coupé* threatened to bake us. One window opened let in a hurricane of ice-cold wind ; another a suffocating mist of white powder. The sentence of “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,” seemed literally accomplishing itself in us ; and before we had travelled an hour, I am sure we might have presented ourselves en costume de Louis XV., as far as powder was concerned, at any masque-

rade. What struck me particularly was, that on each side of the road ran full brooks of water ; and we passed frequently little fountains and wells, small ponds, and springs, like sapphires set in ivory in this white parched soil, which looks unconscious of a drop of moisture, and crumbles by the side of these very rills and springs, like the “ remainder biscuit after a voyage.” It is the thirstiest looking soil I ever beheld ; and my throat became absolutely parched with only looking at it.

Rising a long ascent, called *La Montagne des Taillandes*, we came to some important works which are being carried on for the formation of the great canal, to transport the waters of the Durance to Marseilles—an immense undertaking, and one which will reflect the highest credit, and confer the utmost benefit upon that town. Just as we reached the summit, I observed a mass of buildings which had the appearance of some villa ; but so singularly situated, that if they were indeed such, the

owner must have had the taste of a Trappist. Into the hollow cup of an arid glaring valley, surrounded by arid glaring hills, one single spur covered with dark pines ran like a green promontory, on the top of which, overlooking this scene of desolation, rose the dwelling in question. A more solitary abode or sadder prospect I cannot well conceive, for the deep blue evergreen of the fir is the most mournful of all nature's infinite varieties of green ; and, except the barrenness around it, nothing could be less cheerful than this forest of unchanging trees. After crossing this mountain, the country assumed a somewhat more fertile appearance : vineyards, olive, and almond orchards, diversified the prospect ; and though the silver-gray foliage of the olive is far from lively, it was a great relief to see anything with any leaves at all after the desolate district we had just passed through. We reached Aix by early moonlight, and driving just within the barrier, alighted at a species of coffee-house to obtain some refreshment.

Having taken nothing since breakfast, we were glad to get a bowl of soup and some grapes, fortified with which we returned to the Diligence and pursued our way. The moonlight betrayed but little of the scene through which we were passing, and the chief incidents of the road were the interminable strings of huge, heavy, lumbering waggons, journeying slowly along under their wealthy loads of southern produce ; and the enormous barns occurring at every quarter of a mile, whose vast open portals invited the drivers of these ponderous equipages to repose themselves and their teams. Presently, as we reached the brow of a steep ascent, my eyes, which were questioning the imperfectly lighted landscape with the eager desire of a long-cherished expectation about to be realised, rested on a broad expanse of smooth brightness, reaching to the horizon—a silver shield set in ebony—it was the Mediterranean, the sea of many memories. *Salve ! salve ! salve !* I could hardly believe the first impression that it must be so,

when one of my companions, who had regretted my losing the daylight view of the entrance to Marseilles, confirmed it with, "Tenez, tenez, Madame. Voilà la Méditerranée!"

The long suburb through which we now passed appeared interminable, but at a little after eight our journey was accomplished, and we reached the Diligence office, where my two travelling companions left me running about the court-yard in quest of my luggage, without a single offer of service, or word of civility—not even the decent form of the traveller's leave-taking. It is now twenty years since 'I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of the French themselves too, is, that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my present progress from one end of France to another in every variety of public conveyance, affords any opportunity of judging, I should certainly incline to that opinion; there appears a total absence of

the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly formerly did distinguish French people of every class. The desire of pleasing which exhibited itself frequently drolly to a stranger, but often in very graceful expressions of courtesy and kindness, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of deportment quite as offensive as the sullen mixture of pride and shyness which so long distinguished the travelling English, wherever they were met with. While losing the graces of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired none of the decorum and decency of deportment, the absence of which was always severely felt in the midst of their most courteous demonstrations ; and while acquiring something of the morose selfish carriage of our own people, they have failed to adopt one particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language, or manners. Thus, a Frenchman hawks and spits close to your cheek, blows his nose like a trumpet in

your ear, and yawns and coughs under your nose. Their language is frequently positively exceedingly indecent, and the tone of it always more or less borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchwomen do not travel much, but I sincerely hope that before long they may be induced to do so, as nothing else, probably, will render Frenchmen tolerable travelling companions to the women, who at present have the misfortune to be thrown in public conveyances into their society. Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language, and deportment: on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *spécialité*. The very cheap rate of travelling in America, which enables *every body*, without

exception, to travel, and the absence of all distinctions of place or price in the public conveyances, which compels *every body* to travel together, of course brings refined and fastidious pilgrims into most painful proximity with their coarse and unpolished brethren ; and from the uncouth deportment and strange manners of the lower classes of people from half-civilised districts, infinite annoyance, as well as amusement, is derived by those whom the unrespecting providence of American railroads and steamboats compels to consort with them upon a footing of at least travelling equality ; but (and I have said my say in my time upon the subject of American tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, and question-askers) a woman cannot possibly travel in any part of the world with equal security as in America ; the law of the land—public opinion—secures to women the first choice of accommodation on every road and at every inn ; a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence will not assail her, nor a

single offensive expression reach her ear in passing from one corner to another of that vast and half-savage continent. So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, indeed, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly assume the seats that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, without so much as a gracious word or look of acknowledgment; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is not only to be furnished, but *given up*, to them,—and this not to young, pretty ladies, but to *women* old or young, pretty or ugly—of the highest or the lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it. In churches, concert-rooms, and theatres, no man keeps his seat when women

appear standing ; and on board the splendid steam-boats of the North and East Rivers, state-rooms secured by gentlemen alone cannot be retained if women come on board and desire to have them. This, it must be allowed, is pushing courtesy to the very verge of injustice, and though one of the profiting party, I think this is more than the largest construction of the "rights of women" requires.

The Hotel de Richelieu, to which my father had directed me in Marseilles, having, it seems, failed at least two years ago, I was taken to the Hotel d'Orient, a pretty long step from the place where the Diligence deposited us, and though only eight o'clock in the evening, not a coach was to be had for love or money ; the hackney coachmen of Marseilles being, as, indeed, the whole native population of that place are, quite original, and very independent in their proceedings—never remaining on their stands after dark—never appearing on them when it rains—and never stirring from them for love or

money during the heat of the day, in the summer season. When all this is taken into consideration, they must certainly be a very admirable public convenience.

At the Hotel d'Orient, an immense house, we could procure no sitting-room, only a very mediocre bed-room on the second-floor, with another for my maid, the dimensions of which scarcely entitle it to more than the name of a closet. For this accommodation, however, I was made to pay six francs a day, and the whole scale of charges appeared to me not only exorbitant, but absolutely dishonest. There was a daily charge made for tea, which I invariably carry with me, not choosing to depend upon the detestable decoction with which travellers are poisoned in France, under pretence of tea; and though I remonstrated upon this subject, I was assured that travellers at the Hotel d'Orient paid for what they furnished themselves quite as dearly as for what the house provided them. In short, I do not recommend

any one who has not a special satisfaction in being fleeced to try the hospitality of that house. The Hotel Beauveau and the Hotel des Empereurs are both, according to the report of travellers who know them, equally good, much cheaper, and far more civil.

Having sent my letters early to Mr. ——— and his daughter-in-law, he and his wife, together with Mme ———, did me the favour to call upon me on Saturday morning; they were profuse in their offers of kindness and civility, and as I wished to make a few last purchases before leaving France, the younger lady was kind enough to accompany me to several shops. I did not find the things I saw either pretty or cheap, and incline to think that the better provided travellers are when they come to Marseilles the more advantageous they will find it, as it is about the dearest place, in every respect, in France,—infinitely dearer than Paris.

At a few steps from the hotel, Mme ——— pointed out to me the French Protestant church.

Upon asking her husband some questions respecting the service and congregation here, he informed me that it was the same as the church de L'Oratoire, the French Calvinist service; that there were not above twenty seats permanently retained for the year, and that of these twenty it was extremely rare that half should be occupied; that the elders, whose presence was in some sort expected as a matter of decorum, appeared only as a pure ceremony, and one which for the most part they were glad to escape as often as possible; that the service and preaching were utterly uninteresting to the people, and the congregation meagre and indifferent in the extreme. This was a sad account; and yet what is to be done when the mere empty form of religion, a dead corpse, stands up alone, beckoning with languid hands a people whose hearts are dead to a dead worship? Who can wonder that living men who think, and women who feel, should find but little within them to answer such a call? Good God! how wonderful it is that that religion

whose very essence is immortal, the element of incessant activity, of endless progress, strength, vitality, spirituality, should become such a thing as, for the most part, throughout Christendom it is! Nevertheless it cannot perish, and doubtless these people will in good time reject these stones that are given them for the bread of life, and these stagnant waters, so different from the well of living waters that Christ has promised to those who believe in him.

Sunday, 4th January.—Things that I had ordered at shops were brought home this morning, as well as my linen from the washerwoman's. We have now been travelling three weeks in France, and of course this desecration of Sunday is no surprise. I found my washing bill, like every thing else, inordinately dear; water is among the scarcities of Marseilles, and of course, this being the case, all cleansing processes must be both rare and costly. Truly the arrival of the Durance will be an inestimable blessing to the residents of this driest of cities, and the ladies

will not only be able to keep their plants alive during the heat of the summer, but indulge probably at a more reasonable rate in the hardly lesser luxury of abundant clothes-washing and change of linen.

I had a delightful visit from the younger Mr. ———, who, in the absence of his father, gave me many details of extreme interest with regard to his early establishment of their factory at Marseilles, coming here a foreigner, having to contend with all the national prejudices, jealousies, and interests of the people among whom he established himself, assailed on all hands by predictions of the equal impossibility of bringing with him a colony of English workmen, or employing the violent and untractable native material around him. He made no attempt to import English workmen, but taking immediately such as he found at hand, began with twenty men in his workshop ; the number of his hands is now five hundred : peaceable, orderly, humane towards each other,

respectful and attached to their superiors, they are noted in the whole community as a body apart for their good conduct and irreproachable demeanour. The enterprise has gone on thriving, the works increasing, the buildings and establishment growing, every year adding to the number of workmen and the importance of the undertaking ; the French merchants and masters remaining amazed at this success, where they had predicted the most signal failures ; the civil authorities inquiring of Mr. ——— the average amount of crime, and receiving for answer that they had had no instance of crime whatever among them,—petty misdemeanors which were visited by the universal indignation and reprobation of the workmen themselves, but no crime ; Government enterprises of the same description sending to request to see the rules by which the establishment was governed, receiving for answer that there were no written or printed rules or specific code of government ; that a feeling of mutual confidence and respect, justice on both

hands, honourable dealings from master to man, ample compensation in the shape of high wages, and that which is a thousand times more efficient, a consciousness on the part of the men of being treated with humanity and with sympathy; these were the only laws, rules, or contracts existing between them and their dependents. Oh! my dear, dear countrymen, how truly I believe that you, and you alone, could have achieved such a noble triumph. My heart melted and my eyes filled with tears while listening to these most interesting details, and I could not repress a feeling of patriotic pride in the belief that none but Englishmen could thus have undertaken and thus accomplished.

Mr. ——— went on to tell me some details of the yearly celebration of his father's birthday by his workmen, to whom on that day they give a dinner, to which all the civil authorities and principal people of the town, their ladies and friends, are invited, when these five hundred men march in two by

two, the apprentices carrying large baskets of nosegays, which they distribute to the lady guests—a tribute from the workmen themselves to their master's friends. An abundant repast is furnished them—wine *à discrétion*; and in the midst of the most unbounded gaiety and enjoyment, not a single instance of intoxication is seen, nor does the destruction of any sort amount to more than the accidental breakage of a few plates and glasses. Mr. ——— opens on this occasion his own garden to his workmen, and not a single flower is touched, not a box-border trodden on; and Mr. ——— told me that on one of these occasions, hastening himself to the place where he was going to superintend some fire-works which were to be let off, he was jumping over one of the beds in his father's garden, when one of the workmen, not recognising him, seized him by the collar, exclaiming, “Ah, malheureux, tu abuses de la confiance qu'on nous montre, en détruisant le jardin de M. ———.” The mistake was soon discovered,

and the young master thanked his workman for the zeal with which he defended his father's property. He said that few of the spectators of this truly patriarchal *fête* remained unmoved at the greeting between his father and the men ; and I can well believe it, for the mere description of it affected me profoundly. God prosper the work!—these men are missionaries in the strictest sense of the term. Dismissal and his father's censure are the only punishments among them. Towards three o'clock, Mrs. ——— called for me to drive with her on the Prado.

We set forth together, and drove under the golden light of a most glorious afternoon along a fine avenue, planted with trees, and bordered with houses of such various forms and fashions as to redeem, by the agreeable variety of the whole, the slightly fantastic appearance of many of them individually. On each hand a noble range of hills, with clean sharp outline, scooped the exquisite sky ; and at the end, the Mediterranean, in all its glory, rolled a sea of molten

gold almost to our carriage wheels. The declining sun burnished the level ocean, so that its proverbial sapphire hue was lost in the blaze of light ; wave after wave, as it curved to the shore, upheaved a crystal vault of golden green, through which the sun shone as through a huge wall of the delicate Bohemian glass. The sound, the sight, the present beauty, the intense longing of many years fulfilled, all combined to excite and touch me most deeply ; the rocky promontories, with their deep-jagged outlines, stony and stern in their unvarying beauty, contrasting with the curving, undulating, yielding, exquisite element at their feet, canopied with that limpid sky, whose richness and softness lent tenderness and brightness to the whole. It was only less beautiful than the moral glory I had contemplated in my conversation in the morning, and I devoutly thanked God for both : oh, great and good Father, all thy works praise thee ; especially doth the soul of man, thy noblest work, praise thee, when it shows forth thy will,

and walks in thy way. As we were turning away for the last time from this scene of enchantment, I could not resist the desire to dip my hands in the clear waves ; and, stopping the carriage, ran down to the shore. The golden waters with their silver fringe rolled in gorgeous sheets up the sand. I gathered one handful of the Nereid's crown that lay at my feet, and having baptised them in one far-reaching wave, ran back with my trophy to the carriage.

Monday, 5th.—I went early to the banker's to get my letter of credit changed, and was much surprised, at one of the first banking-houses in Marseilles, to be made to pay eight francs discount upon Coutts's bill. This, however, it seems, is the mode in which business is carried on at Marseilles, and truly it cannot be accused of liberality. Much, however, I suppose, is to be excused in a population without fresh water, without cows, whose poultry comes from Nice, and whose butter is brought from Lyons. Let us earnestly hope that with irrigation, and

consequent fertility, the waters of the Durance may bring an influx of liberality to the dealings of the inhabitants of Marseilles.

We took boat at about two o'clock at the foot of the *Cannebière*, the great street of Marseilles, and main pride of its inhabitants, our trunks having been again opened, and examined by a policeman, on the open wharf. We now traversed the magnificent natural basin where lies the vast and various forest of shipping, which attests the extensive commerce of the place; flags of every nation floated from the masts, and the picturesque latteen sails of the Mediterranean coasting-vessels, mingled in a charming effect with the square rigging of the other vessels. ——— pointed out to me a boat full of huge oil-jars, the very fellows, I should think, of those in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. Magnificent as the extent of this natural dock is, the absence of tide, and the abominable foulness of the port, renders it, even at this season of the year, one huge sewer; and when the intense

heat of summer beats upon this never-refreshed water, with its hourly tribute of every conceivable abomination, it must really be a most pestilential reservoir of ill smells and noxious exhalations. Three several proposals have been made to the French Government for furnishing them with the means of purifying this port ; but owing to the centralising policy which makes every measure of every sort emanate from Paris, so much time is lost in trafficking with the authorities there, in *pour et contre* with powers at a distance from the immediate scene of action, that both money and opportunity are wasted, and nothing but barren negotiations achieved, instead of active improvement. How great is the virtue of freedom !—how infinite the scope it lends to human intelligence !—how marvellous it seems that human beings, conscious that God has given free will, and not imposed absolute laws of action upon his children, should not have perceived that freedom must be essential to goodness, since God himself has not infringed upon it !

How much coming abroad makes us love England! —how much more the institutions of America! But whereas the spirit of Englishmen has been often above their institutions—the spirit of Americans has been, alas! almost always below theirs; to be sure, it is the highest theory of all. Oh, what a people they would be if once they apprehended the glory of their own political profession!

Having seen me on board, and consigned me most kindly to the care and attention of the captain of the *Leopoldo Secondo*, who, I was glad to find, was an Englishman, ——— left me. He had hardly done so, when his younger brother came on board to take leave of me. I was extremely amused at the pathetic address of a worthy Marseillois to him, who had evidently taken a glass too much, and who, with his hat in his hand, kept following my young friend about, beseeching him in the most moving terms, to patronise his son, who, it seems, is one of ———'s workmen.—“Tenez, M. Edouard,” said the

worthy man, “vous voyez comme je vous parle de la manière la plus humble et la plus humiliante le chapeau à la main ; et s’il le fallait, ce serait bien encore le genou en terre pour que vous vous interessiez au sort de mon fils.”

Upon ——— desiring him to put his hat on, he replied with a crescendo of pathos and emphasis,—“Non, Monsieur ; et ce ne serait point le temps le plus *intrépide* qui m’y forcerait auprès de vous qui pouvez protéger mon fils.”

While waiting our departure, I was amused with seeing the arrival of my fellow-passengers. A cargo came on board of two clean cross-looking men, and four veiled women, who began stumping up and down the deck, each on her own hook, betraying in the very hang of their multitudinous shawls, the English creature—how peculiar they are, to be sure ! I had imagined that by taking a cabin on deck, I should be sure to secure abundant fresh air and the absence of proximity. And so I did, except the neighbourhood of the wheel, the jerking and

shaking of which were all but intolerable, and rendered everything like sleep, or even rest, impossible. With a degree of liberal foresight, which I cannot sufficiently commend, in whoever devised the arrangement, the dinner was not served until the very moment when we were going out of port. The rough encounter of the Mediterranean outside the harbour, saved the purveyors of the *Leopoldo Secondo* a portion *pour deux* at any rate, (and, as I subsequently heard, much more), for nothing was left for it but bed, so violent was the motion of the boat, and so rough the sea. From my wretched bed my wretched body did not stir till Tuesday evening the 6th, when we boiled by the pier of Genoa, and came to moorings in the bay. I then jumped up, hurried on my clothes, and went on deck ; a clear moonlight revealed enough of the scene to show its admirable beauty ; and I remained gazing from the silver sea to the mountains, and the white masses of buildings shining at their feet, till I got pinched

with cold, and retired, remembering that probably I, and certainly Genoa, would be in that place to-morrow.

Wednesday, January, 7th.—The sun came gloriously up out of the blue waters, and as fast as I could I despatched dressing and breakfast, and with my faithful ——— made a descent upon the coast. We hastened, under the escort of our boatman Dominico, to the nearest coach-stand, and finding ourselves immediately in front of the Church of the Annunciata, we went in. The splendour of the interior was really something quite astonishing. After walking as if on eggs all round the church—for I have always a sort of feeling that I ought to be turned out, since I don't come there to pray—we returned to the coach-stand, where, having made a bargain with a charioteer to drive us hither and thither for five hours, we proceeded in regular traveller's fashion to *do* all the churches, palaces, gardens, and fountains that could be crammed into the

time. The result of all which, in my mind, was one huge hodge-podge of black, red, and white marble, gilding, pictures, statues, pretty-coloured floors, and ceilings. Fortunately the divine blue sky, and the pleasant hanging gardens, with their dark-green leaves and golden fruit, gave me some repose between each sight ; but I think, to look at a kaleidoscope for an hour together is nearly as pleasant, and quite as profitable as this sort of succession of sights. The time passed quickly in this pious manner, and at half-past three I returned on board.

The town is beautiful in itself, and most beautifully situated. I should like to have stayed there for six months. The boat kicked like an old rusty fowling-piece, and though the sea was as smooth as glass, and there was very little wind, the intolerable jerking and shaking of the wheel, close to which my cabin was, prevented my closing my eyes all night. I lay on my elbow, with my head on the sill of the little window in my berth, and watched the

gradual departure of the night. The moon after flooding the heavens and the waters with mellow light, dipped like a golden goblet beneath the waves ; the stars grew pale, and seemed to withdraw into the depths of the sky as into their sockets, and gradually the victorious banners of the sun reddened the east, and threw their ruddy shadow upon the waters. It was a perfect pageant—the sky shows it every morning at day-break,—and it does not dim, nor alter, nor faint, nor fade, nor wear out—a daily resurrection—a miracle of wonder and of beauty.

Early in the morning of Thursday the 8th, we brought to, within the harbour at Leghorn. Most of our passengers went on shore, intending to take the railroad trip to Pisa, and return in the afternoon. Being alone, I was afraid to undertake this expedition, as the boatmen and lower class of people at Leghorn have the character of being peculiarly coarse and savage. I do not know what those saw who went ; but though

the Campo Santo would have been an object of extreme interest and pleasure to me, I doubt anything surpassing the glory of the scene which surrounded me on all sides as I walked up and down the deck of our vessel. The English passengers on board, of course, afforded immense amusement to all the other passengers, the women especially, by their extraordinary jargon, and still more extraordinary manners. What very strange human beings we are ! I saw in the cabin a splendid specimen of the peculiar nosegays made in Genoa—for the Genoese are as famous for their arrangement of real flowers as for their artificial imitations of them. Indeed, the one craft has, to my mind, infected the other, and the live flowers are put up in these singular nosegays so as to look as little like real, and as much like artificial ones, as possible. This bouquet, which had been brought from Genoa to Leghorn for some wedding solemnity, looked exactly like a piece of rich carpet pattern. A thick row of orange

flowers formed the outward edge of it, and regular circles of violets, dark and pale,—roses, laurustinus, and myrtle, were wound round and round to a camellia centre, the whole presenting a smooth variegated surface, where no one leaf or sprig protruded beyond the other—a sort of floral shield, with which the Spring might arm herself to drive out the Winter—fanciful and sweet, but not half so beautiful as the same quantity of flowers thrown into a basket without order, form, or system. There are some things that art should touch with fearful hands—flowers are among them.

The view of this bay and the surrounding scenery pleased me better upon the whole even than that of Genoa ; but we had such a splendid sky over the whole, that, perhaps, some of the charm lay in the lighting up. I observed a great number of English vessels at anchor round us, and the stars and stripes of the United States fluttering in all directions too ; the sea gulls careered in and out like sea butterflies,

through and round the shipping; the boats went gliding by our vessel's side with one sharp white pointed sail, exactly like the wing of one of them. The cold white line of the Maritime Alps lay like a mass of unburnished silver upon the blue sky, as evening came on, and the clear golden moon and stars glittered upon the darkening sea, while the outline of Gorgona and Corsica stood like a black silhouette against a broad western streak of dazzling orange light. I certainly thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in all nature before: the colouring of the sky is the same as that of America, the same transparent clearness, the same dazzling brilliancy, the same splendour and variety; but oh the difference of all that the sky looks upon! I remember that Channing once said to me, "The earth is yours, (speaking of England,) but the heavens are ours." The thought of Shelley, his great genius, and the premature end (if any end is premature, by the bye) he found in these lovely southern waters, haunted me as I looked

towards Spezzia. If he had lived England would have had a dramatic poet again ; for the "Cenci" was a sufficient pledge of power, even in spite of the weakness which the choice of such a subject indicated.

The horrible vicinity of the wheel prevented my sleeping again all night—I think, too, something of the anxiety and excitement with which I began to look to the close of my winter pilgrimage. The whole night I watched the black coast of Corsica and Elba, and the phosphorescent waves that sparkled and shimmered all round our ship's side, as the wheels beat them up into a foam of stars. With daylight we arrived at Civita Vecchia; and here I must pay a just tribute to the extreme meanness and dirty spirit of extortion in which all the transactions of the Company to which the *Leopoldo Secondo* belongs are carried on. On coming on board the ship a charge of 32 francs was made for our meals during the voyage ; to this very sufficient charge was now added another for two

breakfasts, which I had taken this morning and yesterday, the understanding being, it seems, that the passengers are only furnished with food while the ship is in motion,—and they cannot eat it ; but as they spend the better part of one day in the harbour of Genoa, and of another in that of Leghorn, during all that time, when it might be possible for one to eat something, whatever is furnished is immediately made into an extra charge. There is something in the excessive illiberality, not to say dishonesty, of these proceedings which reflects extreme discredit on the management of the whole concern, and disgusts travellers in the highest degree, who would have made no sort of objection to paying 42 francs at starting, or anything else that was required of them, as the understood price of their accommodation. The same thing was done with regard to the stewards, whose services were also charged for beforehand, and claimed over again at landing. In the same way, on going on shore, the mere conveyance of my luggage from

the wharf to the Diligence, a distance of a few yards, together with a look that a gentleman (one of the agents of this screwing company) gave my passport, laid me under obligations to the tune of 12 francs more ; and I was not surprised when I found this, that the captain of the boat, who very good-naturedly volunteered to see me through all these civilities, withdrew a little before the charge for them was presented to me. The whole thing is disgraceful, and reflects infinite discredit upon this illiberal Company, who, not content with charging a very sufficient price for the accommodations they afford travellers, fleece them in this petty manner, or permit them to be so fleeced, by a parcel of needy catch-pennies, who make their exactions under the plea of being the agents of the said Company.

I had now my choice of proceeding to Rome, either in a small carriage with post-horses by myself, or taking a place in the Diligence. Not wishing to encounter the further annoyance of

driving or bribing a parcel of thievish postilions, I preferred the latter, supposing that a service done for and by the Government would be more efficient, and probably more comfortable than that which single travellers, especially women, could procure for themselves. When, however, I saw the crazy, rickety, dusty, dirty, ragged, filthy conveyance which carries the mails of his Holiness the Pope, my mind did greatly misgive me ; however, I had taken the places, and remembering how near I was now to the end of my miseries, clomb by three horrid hoes, that scraped my shins to death, up into the horrid body of this horrid coach, which looked like nothing under heaven but a mean kind of omnibus, past all use. The middle division of this delectable equipage—for it had a head, a body, and a tail—I had retained entirely for the inconvenience of myself and my maid. Though separated from the other two apartments, it communicated with them compulsatorily by window frames, which could neither be let

down nor pulled up, and had no glasses besides, if they could. And now, at starting, the sights and sounds by which I found myself surrounded were too irresistibly droll ; immediately before us sat a prim, precise, and extremely polite Belgian, who had been our fellow-traveller on board the boat ; behind, in a narrow space unequal to one and a half of them, sat three Germans ; the Belgian spoke French, I and my maid English ; the Germans, of course, their own Teutonic tongue ; and a lively expression of feeling went forward, in this leash of languages, upon the abominable extortions we had just been subject to, and the atrocious accommodations travellers were furnished with in the Roman States. This movement had reached a climax, when a simultaneous appeal from the porters of the Custom House, at the various doors of the Diligence, caused a volley of French execrations and German imprecations which literally sent me into convulsions of laughter, the whole scene was so ludicrous. At each stage where we changed horses, the

postilions came up and claimed a bounty to which they were not in the slightest degree entitled, but which I paid in the hopes of accelerating their extremely leisurely movements.

The day was brilliantly warm and fine, and the road, with the sparkling Mediterranean on one side, and that dry sea (as ——— calls the prairies) the Campagna on the other, delighted me ; the myrtle and box bushes exhaled a bitter aromatic smell in the warm air, and the short, thick, tawny grass was all starred over with wide-eyed daisies ; the ilex here and there spread its heavy-coloured foliage over a stone gate all hung with ivy, and the whole vegetation, together with the vast open expanse of yellow down, reminded me of the Savannahs of Georgia, to which it all bore an absolute resemblance. I cannot perceive any difference whatever between the ilex and the live oak of the southern United States, except the infinitely larger and more picturesque growth of the latter, and the wild drapery of grey moss with which it is covered,

making some of the huge old trees look like hoary Druids, transformed, all but their matted grised hair and beard, into the trees they worshipped.

The climate was precisely what that of Georgia is in December and January. I was agreeably surprised at the much greater amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna during the first part of the route than I had expected to see; the soil was of the finest colour, and seemed to indicate the most fertile properties; troops of picturesque black-eyed, golden-skinned men, in goat-skin coats and breeches, and wild tangled coal-black locks and beards, were labouring—for the most part, however, as the slaves do, either with the spade or hoe or pick-axe. I saw not a single plough; large flocks of sheep, too, which at a distance could hardly be discriminated from the brown woolly pasture they were cropping; and herds of beautiful iron-grey oxen, with magnificent long horns, grazed over the vast plain, and here and there a

large deep stone basin full of fresh delicious-looking water, sparkled like a sapphire, dropped on this dry wilderness for the blessing of man and beast.

Far on the distant verge of the huge sunny plain—some ruins rose upon a forlorn hillock, against the blue sky, and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colours, and the imagination with the idea of shade ; beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, reflecting the rosy tints which the setting sun was beginning to fuse his light in ; full mellow golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush in the sky ; and as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate, as the dreary interminable winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks like the leaden ripples of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the sight of the first vine inclosures ; and as we presently began to travel between high walls, I remembered all the descriptions of

travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome ; suddenly against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Erie, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher as we drove under its mighty mass ; and as we turned within the Porta de Cavallegieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky,—and it was real,—and I really saw it ; I knew the whole form of the great, wonderful structure ; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnade. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

The dark, deep, dismal stinking streets through which we now rattled, however, were new experiences. I never looked up from between

houses, and saw the heavens at such an immense height above me, as in these chasm-like streets, through which we seemed making an interminable progress, stopping at infinite places, till my impatience at these delays, on the very threshold of arrival, became almost intolerable. Again to the Custom House, to stand shivering on the cold stone pavement, under cold stone arches, while my trunks and carpet-bags were again rummaged. What an intolerable nuisance, to be sure, these disgraceful and vexatious hindrances are! My sister's servant met me here; and at length, transferred to an open carriage, we rolled through the streets, where the houses looked, by contrast of moonlight and shadow, like actual carvings of ivory and ebony—up steep and slippery pavements to the Pincio, where, at a lighted upper window, I saw a woman's figure. I scrambled up three pairs of stone stairs, and so into my sister's arms, worn out, and ready to die with the fatigue of coming, and the emotion of being come.

EARLY in life, when hope seems prophecy,
And strong desire can sometimes mould a fate,
My dream was of thy shores, Oh, Italy !
Of thy blue deep, that even for awhile
Will not forsake its spicy pine-girt beaches ;
Of the unutter'd glories of thy sky,
Of the unnumber'd beauties of thy earth,
And all the immortal memories, that rest
For ever like an atmosphere above thee.
Thus towards the south my spirit's flight was
 turn'd,
For ever with the yearning of one born there,
And nursed upon its warm and fragrant bosom :
Awhile the sunny dream shut out all else,
And fill'd the horizon of my contemplations.
Slowly, and by degrees, the toiling years
Breathed o'er the bright illusion, dimming it,—
And gather'd close about me sterner things.
The graceful lines, the gorgeous hues, the forms

Of grandeur and of beauty that my thoughts
Had dwelt amidst, as in their proper home,
Melted and faded—broke, dissolved away,
Till the last, lovely, lingering trace had vanish'd,
And I forgot to hope it might return.

Across an ocean—not thy sapphire waves,
Oh, Mediterranean, sea of memories !
But the dark marble ridges of th' Atlantic,
Destiny led me—not to thy bright shores,
Ausonia, but that wondrous wilderness,
That other world, where Hope supreme beholds
All things unshaped—one huge eventful promise.
Ah, not to thee, thou treasure-house of Art,
Thou trophy-loaded Temple of the Past,
Hung with triumphant spoils of all the ages!
But to that land where Expectation stands,
All former things behind her—and before
The unfathom'd brightness of Futurity,
Rolling its broad waves to the feet of God.
Upon that distant shore, a dream more fair
Than the imaginations of my youth
Awhile entranced me ; lightning-like it fled,

And I remained utterly desolate.

Love had departed ; Youth, too, had departed ;

Hope had departed ; and my life before me

Lay cover'd with the ashes of the Past,—

Dark, barren, cold, drear, flinty, colourless.

As thro' the cheerless grey of waning night,

When its black veils wear thin and part like film,

Beautiful light, like life begins to glow,

And the great picture of the earth is sketched

Faintly upon the canvas of the dark,

Brighter and brighter growing, as the day

Holds its great torch against God's masterpiece,

Till the whole work in perfect glory shines :

So rose once more that southern vision's splendour

Upon the cheerless twilight of my fate ;

The last grim pages of my book of life,

Fill'd with a mean and grinding martyrdom,

Washed with unceasing tears at length gave back

The glorious legend written on my youth.

Again, again, the glorious shapes returned ;

Again, the lovely lines like magic drew me ;

Again, the splendour of the southern heavens

Shed rosy light and golden glories round me,
And Art and Nature, twins immortal, stood
Upon the threshold of earth's Paradise,
And waved me tow'rds it. And at last I came,—
But with a broken heart and tear-dimm'd eyes,
And such a woeful weight of misery laden,
As well might challenge the great ministry
Of the whole universe, to comfort it.
Thus did I seek thy shores, Oh, Italy !
Land—not of promise—but of consolation ;
Not in that season of my life, when life
Itself was rich enough for all its need,
And I yet held its whole inheritance ;
But in the bankrupt days when all is spent,
Bestow'd, or stolen, wasted, given away,
To buy a store of bitter memories :
In the first hour of lengthening evening shadows,
When Resolution on life's summit stands,
Looks back on all its brightness, and looks forward
Thro' gathering downward darkness to the grave.
Hail, then, most fair, most glorious, long desired—
Long dreamed of—hoped for—Italy, hail! hail!

I kiss thy earth, weeping with joy, to think
That I, at last, stand on thy sacred soil.

Saturday, 10th January.—I had seen my sister's children asleep in their cribs last night ; their cooing and chirping woke me in the morning. While I was still in my dressing-gown ——— called me out to see the view. We are on the very top of the Pincio ; Rome lay like a map at our feet, bathed far and near with glorious sunlight, against which on the opposite horizon the stone pines of the Doria Pamfili spread out their dark roofs. Our apartment reminds me extremely of all the houses I ever was in in the southern states of America—large lofty rooms, with not a window or door that can shut, and those that do, giving one one's death by the imperfect manner in which they close,—a great deal more than if they stood for ever wide open ; coarse common carpets laid over a layer of straw ; in short, the whole untidy discomfort

which characterises the dwellings of all southern people, as far as my observation goes.

Now for the chapter of compensations : my bed-room door and window open upon a terraced garden at least forty feet above the street, full of orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtles, oleanders and camelias, roses and violets, in bloom ; a fountain of the *acqua felice* trickles under the superintendence of a statue into a marble shell, and thence escapes under the garden. The view from thence of the eternal city and its beauteous girdle of hills surpasses all description, and the twin towers of the *Trinità* rise close to it up into the blue sky, which looks through the belfry arches as through windows down into my sleeping-room. The coloured tiles of all our ante-rooms and passages enchant me ; so do the gay painted ceilings. The little room where I bathe is a perfect delight to me, with its latin inscription on the lintel, its marble bath, its walls covered with fresco Cupids and dolphins, and altars with flames, and baskets with flowers,

all strung together by waving patterns of wreaths and garlands. This afternoon we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farm-house of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable-yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus, with spirited and graceful rilievi, into which fresh water was pouring itself in a glassy stream. As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the bright sunshine : further on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed. I cannot describe my delight in living water : these perpetually running fountains are a perpetual baptism of refreshment to my mind and senses. The Swedenborgians consider water, when the mention of it occurs in the Bible, as typical of truth. I love to think of that when I

look at it, so bright, so pure, so transparent, so temperate, so fit an emblem for that spiritual element in which our souls should bathe and be strengthened, at which they should drink and be refreshed. Fire purifies, but destroys ; water cleanses and revives. Christ was baptized in water, and washed, himself, in the regenerating element His disciples' feet. He promised living waters to all those, who, thirsty, drew near to Him, and spoke of that well of everlasting life, which those to whom He gave to drink possessed for ever in their souls. I do not wonder at all the marvellous *wasser-cure* reports. I believe the material element to be as potent in regenerating and healing the body, as the spiritual element its clearness dimly represents is to regenerate and heal the mind.

It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here ; the ilex trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque colour and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching *campagna*, with its purple frame

of mountains ; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain ; the sullen steepes of the Sabine ; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills ; Frascati, Tivoli, glittering in the sunshine, on their skirts ; the light over all radiant and tender ; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere—everything was perfect enchantment. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind. Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-coloured oxen of the campagna, slowly, through the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and, leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin, drank soberly, with their great eyes fixed on us, who sat upon the hem of the fountain ; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lullingly by my side, and between the grey shafts of the tall pine trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, formed into separate and distinct

pictures of incomparable beauty, arrested my delighted eyes. Yes, I think I actually could be content to sit on that fountain's edge, and do nothing but listen and look for a whole summer's afternoon. But no more—"up, and be doing," is the impulse for ever with me; and when I ask myself, both sadly and scornfully, what? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call, "up, and be doing;" for surely there is something to be done from morning till night, and to find out what, is the appointed work of the onward-tending soul.

Returning home, the arches of the aqueducts were all gilt within with the sunset. How beautiful they are, those great chains, binding the mountains to the plain, with their veins of living water! The links are broken, and the graceful line interrupted, and the flowing element within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains, and now they are only the most beautiful ruins in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen from a height which commanded a

long stretch of their course, they reminded me of the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water, of which Rome drank for centuries. We returned to the city by the beautiful Porta Maggiore, and just within it met Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, who challenged ——— to a walk. He accordingly left us, and we drove on to the Coliseum. I was again surprised to find how absolutely correct the imagination I had formed of it was. How curious this is! or rather, indeed, it is not curious, that the face of Nature and the human countenance can never be so described as to give an absolute and positive image to the mind which shall be identical with the reality,—while, with these, the most stupendous works of the hand of man, measurement, description, and imitation, can make us perfectly and familiarly acquainted. I believe the height of the Coliseum, as well as that of St. Peter's, was rather greater than I had expected. We stopped for a while looking from

this great ruin to the beautiful Arch of Constantine ; and then driving up the Via Sacra, through the Arch of Titus, by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum, and Trajan's Pillar, we returned home. I have seen all this ! It is mine !

Sunday, 11th January.—We drove up the Monte Mario to a beautiful villa, formerly the Villa Mellini, now called the Villa Falconièri ; from this place the view of Rome, the Tiber, the hills, the campagna, and the sea, was most glorious. The house stands like a fortress, on the very top of a precipitous hill, which is crowned with ramparts of ilex and cypress. Here (as everywhere) we were pursued by the shameless, wretched pauperism that disgusts and pains one the whole time, and makes the ruined aspect of the great outward things about one cheerful, compared with the abject degradation of that which God has made in his own image. Oh ! I would not live among these people for anything in the world ; and when I think of

England and of America, I thank God that I was born in the one, and shall live in the other. Driving home we went to the Acqua Paola, the fountain in Rome where the volume of water is most satisfactory. The very ornaments with which they adorn them, gods and goddesses, dolphins, shells, &c., interfere with the effect of the beautiful element itself; and though, of course, there is no comparison between the graceful forms of the basin of the Acqua Paola, Trevi, &c., and the simple turf bank that surrounds the fountain in the park at New York, the volume of water thrown to a height of nearly sixty feet, and falling back in a cataract, is a finer thing in itself than a whole Olympus of carved stone divinities. From this fine fountain, by the side of which one enjoys a noble view of Rome, we went to St. Peter's; and here I was only astonished at finding how perfectly I knew it—how absolutely like what I had imagined it it was; so that, except that the roof was a little higher than I expected, I felt as if I had been

there a hundred times, and it in no way exceeded or differed from my expectations. The four-post bed (the only idea those horrid canopies over the high altars ever suggest to me) in the middle arrested the sweep of the eye from end to end of this majestic temple, and disfigured it painfully to me; but, except that, there was nothing in the whole that was not simple, sublime, and absolutely satisfactory in its huge, beautiful proportions. I was not prepared, and was proportionately thankful, for the absence of all the tawdry, tinselly, holy trumpery, so perpetually hanging about the different shrines in Catholic churches, making them look like old curiosity shops, and disfiguring both their beautiful forms and the beautiful materials they are built of.

Monday, 12th January.—We drove round the Pincio, from the various sides of which Rome and its guardian hills are seen, with all their infinite beauty of contrast and of harmony. We went to several shops to make purchases.

The quality of everything I looked at was very indifferent, the prices enormous; and the shopkeepers, with an audacity and dishonesty inconceivable to a stranger, invariably take half the original price which they demand for everything. The filth and stench of the streets give one an imaginary fever as one drives through them. I wonder these people don't have the plague every year in this city. The great, wide, beautiful stairs leading up from the Piazza di Spagna immediately to the door of our lodging are the favourite haunt of all the painter's models; old men with grizzled beards and hair, and lads with blue-black locks falling all round the most wonderful eyes ever beheld; girls in the picturesque costume of the lower orders here, with splendid heads and shoulders, and scarlet jackets, and daggers thrust through the braids of their hair: here they sit and stand, and lounge and loll in the sun, screaming, shouting, laughing, gesticulating, or dozing like cats with half-closed eyes upon the worn stone steps; or with true

brotherly humanity exploring the animated nature of each other's elf-locks — beautiful beastly creatures. With those specimens of all that is finest in form and colour, lie a rabble of hideous deformities, whose sole occupation it is to extort money from every passenger that walks, or carriage that drives by them ; women with huge goitres, men with withered arms, hump-backed, blear-eyed, fever-smitten, halting, squinting, idiots lolling out their tongues and goggling their eyes, the blind, the maimed, babies in arms, and old creatures on crutches,—all swarm round the wretched wayfarer, and with vociferous outcries persecute him for an alms. Words fit only for dogs do not repel them, nor the threatening arm and lifted hand ; they have lost all sense of shame, or of injury ; they are triple-cased in the impervious callousness of the lowest degradation. We drove to the Capitol to-day, where the Antinous pleased me better than anything else that I saw, even than the Venus and the dying gladiator. The cold brick pavements

chill me through and through ; I don't understand why everybody does not die in Rome.

Tuesday, 13th January.—Went to Torlonia's to get one of my bills changed. The person who transacted this clerk's business, and who, as I was afterwards informed, was a half-brother of the banker, asked me such a string of impertinent questions, that at first I supposed the interrogatory I was undergoing was part of some police ceremonial, and that as one cannot come from Civita Vecchia to Rome without having one's baggage rummaged three times, so one could not get twenty pounds without giving information of one's name, where one lives, who one lives with, how long one means to stay, and a whole string of questions, which if a clerk in an English banking-house were to ask one, one should probably request him to hold his tongue and mind his business. Here, however, the case is different, and whoever banks at Torlonia's must, it seems, be prepared to satisfy his clerk upon all matters concerning their own

personal history, which he may think proper to inquire into. I wonder anybody chooses to bank with him, *cela étant*. After this we drove to a sort of house of refuge for poor girls. We passed through some horrible court-yards, that looked as though they were swarming with fleas, bugs, and lice ; dirty brooms and brushes, filthy rags and nasty people, lay, hung, and stood all about ; chickens and ducks cackled and gabbled in every direction, depositing their tribute of dirt all over broken capitals of noble columns, corners of friezes, and bits of verd antique. We ascended some steps, where one hardly dared tread without looking, and after looking, felt as if one could not tread. At the top of these lay a high wilderness of a garden, full of orange trees and artichokes, a singular union of the homely and poetical. A ruinous-looking fountain sent up a thin stream of water a few inches from its almost stagnant surface. It was a very desolate-looking place. Having crossed it, we found ourselves on the very top of the Basilica Maxentia, whose huge

wondrous arches rose beneath us, and seemed now as though they reared themselves so high and vast into the sky only to carry the delicate fantastical foxglove, that sprung out from their rifted brick-work, and nodded its lilac bells at the tiny Roman people down below. The view of Rome, and of the Coliseum especially, through a high narrow niche, was very beautiful. The afternoon was sad and lead-coloured, but just towards sunset a streak of light opened itself like a crack in the western sky, and the effect upon the Sabine hills was indescribable. A huge dark-blue, sulky-looking mountain frowned in that direction, over whose shoulder peered another, covered with snow, and all rosy with the reflection of the crimson sunset : I never saw so beautiful and wonderful a contrast. We descended from this place, and I went to the Coliseum with ———. The colouring of the whole was what pleased me most : the ruddy walls, the grey buttresses, the rich tufts of tender ruin-haunting verdure, produced the most

exquisitely harmonious combination. While we stood silently looking round, a bird sang loud and clear its evening song. How strange and sweet it sounded, that voice of melody, here, in this place of a thousand groans, and shrieks, and acclamations ! It is marvellous to stand by the Cross, in the very middle of this field of Christian martyrdom, and look at the hideous daubs of Christ's passion which sanctify and disfigure it, and for whose sake alone these great, graceful walls are not now level with the dust. Oh, Truth triumphant, Love victorious, how surely shall the whole earth belong to ye ! We drove home through the vault-like streets, which seem to me to strike a deadly chill into one's very soul after coming out of the genial sunshine.

Wednesday, 14th January.—I rode out into the campagna with ———, and saw the sun and the clouds, and the lights and the shadows, play at hide-and-seek all over the vast tawny wilderness, and up the sides of the hills, till I was tired of exclaiming with delight and wonder.

Sometimes every wrinkle in the old hard-featured mountains came out under the pearly light like the lines on a deep-furrowed face ; and then a shadow fell all over them, that looked as if you could have hewn great solid blocks of blackness out of it—it was a marvellous pageant. Coming home, we rode round the Villa Borghese.

Thursday, 15th January.—Took a delicious walk in the gardens of the Villa Medici. Visited Mme. ———, who showed me some very interesting and well-executed sketches of Etruscan ruins in the campagna. Happy woman ! She can afford to carry her architect and painter with her, to seize upon and bring away for her the very aspect and countenances of all these beautiful places.

In passing through the Vatican, Mme. ——— pointed out to me a painting on the wall, representing the raising of the Great Obelisk before St. Peter's, and told me the following anecdote about it :—After the proposal and adoption of an infinite variety of

plans for its erection, the trial of which had caused an enormous outlay to the Government, and always resulted in failure, the Pope, Sixtus V., at length declared, that if another scheme for the purpose was unsuccessfully attempted, the architect who furnished it should be put to death. This determination on the part of his Holiness, naturally put a stop, at least for a time, to the suggestion of new experiments. At length, however, an engineer more sure of his plan, or less afraid of death than his predecessors, presented himself to the Pope, and laid a scheme before him for the erection of the obelisk. His Holiness looked over the proposal, and admitted that it appeared to promise admirably well, but at the same time observed, that the carrying it into effect would cost an enormous sum of money, and reminded him of the penalty affixed to failure. The architect, Fontana, agreed to run the risk, provided only that his Holiness would publish a command, that during the process of raising

the monument, the most perfect silence should be observed among the workmen and assistants ; stating, that the main cause of the hitherto failures of all his predecessors were the confused outcries, exclamations, and execrations of the multitude, engaged in the work or standing by. The Pope immediately consented to this condition, and on the appointed day, having caused four gallows to be erected at the four corners of the great place of St. Peter's, and proclaimed that the first person who was heard to speak aloud should forthwith be hung, the experiment went forward in presence of his Holiness, his whole court, and an innumerable assemblage of people, who, in wholesome terror of the gibbets, preserved an universal silence. With infinite trouble, labour, and anxiety the great Egyptian needle was at length raised from a horizontal to a perpendicular position. No acclamation hailed the success of the undertaking ! Thus far, it still remained to raise the vast mass from the earth to a level with

its pedestal, by far the most arduous part of the task ; intense anxiety was depicted on the upturned, eager faces of the breathless multitude. The obelisk was slowly raised, till, when its base was within half an inch of the top of the pedestal, the ropes by which it was being drawn up became so tense with the enormous weight, that they were seen to smoke ; another moment, and the monstrous mass would have fallen from their support. The wretched Fontana, sweating blood, saw the impending catastrophe of his all but successful attempt ; suddenly, one of the workmen cried aloud, "Acqua !" The crowd rushed to the fountains, the saving element was dashed over the strained and tightened ropes, the final haul was given, and the obelisk lodged upon its pedestal, when one universal shout that rent the sky broke forth, and hailed the accomplishment. The Pope, however, commanding silence again, called before him the artisan who, in spite of his command, had ventured

to speak. The poor fellow acknowledged himself worthy of death for having spoken, but pleaded that the salvation of the obelisk deserved some reward. The Pope allowed the justice of the claim, and gave his forfeited life, adding graciously, permission to choose any boon he might name for the service he had rendered. The man besought for himself and his family the monopoly of the sale of palm-branches on Palm Sunday, in the square of St. Peter's; and to this day his descendants exercise that traffic, and derive from it a very considerable yearly profit.

Another story she told me was this. Speaking of the admirable dexterity of the Jews of the Ghetto here, in repairing, in a manner absolutely invisible, the most incurable rents in clothes, to which industry the jealous tyranny of custom confines them, as they are not permitted to exercise any trade or handicraft of any kind in Rome, she mentioned that they were famous for the same proficiency in darning in the

East. She said that a man at Constantinople having left in the charge of a friend of his a purse without seam or join, in which he had placed a certain number of diamonds, complained, on his return from distant travel, that his number of jewels was not correct. The friend maintained the integrity of his trust, and adduced as proof the entire woof of the purse, in which neither seam nor join appeared, and the seal of the owner still remained untouched at the mouth of the purse. The owner of the jewels was forced to admit both these facts, but still persisted in asserting that the amount of diamonds was no longer what he had left. The case was brought before more than one magistrate, but nothing could be elicited upon the subject ; and the unaltered condition of the purse, which the owner could not deny, was considered conclusive evidence against his claim. In despair he applied to the Sultan himself, and the strange persistency of his demand impressed the latter so much, that, though compelled upon the

face of the facts to dismiss his claim as untenable, the subject remained impressed singularly upon his mind, and induced him to try the following experiment. At morning prayer the next day, when the slave who usually brought the carpet upon which he knelt had withdrawn, he made a long slit in it, and left it to be again withdrawn by the slave. When the latter came to fulfil his duty of rolling up and removing the precious carpet, he remained aghast at the injury it had received, and immediately, apprehending the dreadful effect of the Sultan's displeasure, hastened with the rug to the quarter of the city where the Jews resided; and seeking out one peculiarly renowned for his skill, committed the costly carpet to his best exercise of it, and carried it back so restored, that the next morning it lay spread ready for the Sultan's use, without the trace of either damage or reparation. The Sultan no sooner perceived what had been done than he called the slave, who tremblingly confessed what he

had done. He was immediately despatched in search of the pre-eminent cobbler, and the Jew no sooner appeared before the Sultan than the latter, sending for the sealed purse about which the controversy had been held, charged him with having in like manner repaired a slit in the woof of the apparently uninjured bag. The Jew instantly admitted the fact; and thus the reclamation of the poor defrauded friend and diamond owner was substantiated.

Monday, February 9th.—Drove to the Aven-tine—to the old Priorate of the Knights of Malta—strolled about the very old-fashioned box-bordered garden, and looked down the turbid yellow course of the Tiber—went into the chapel of the Priory. There are one or two monuments of members of the order, a very old and roughly-carved marble chest for the reception of relics, and a curious sarcophagus, in which every one of the figures in the bas-relief has something like a feather in its hat, cap, or head, which, as the thing is very ancient, is a

curious circumstance. In the evening ——— and ——— called upon us. The latter, in speaking of the records of the Cenci family, which existed in the papal library, and to which Shelley mentions having obtained access, told us, that, together with this story, another was to be found of a tragical event, which occurred about the same time—it related to the fate of an extremely beautiful young woman, belonging to the mezzo céto, or middling class, at L'Arricia, for whom a prince of the Savelli family conceived a violent passion ; which, however, the girl was so far from returning, that she was much attached and affianced to a young man who, in some capacity or other, was a sort of dependant upon the Savelli. This circumstance increased the difficulty of the young woman's position, and induced her family to hasten her marriage, in order, if possible, to put a stop to the pursuit of the nobleman: the remedy, however, proved ineffectual, and the poor girl's troubles were only added to by the extreme jealousy of her

husband, who, soon after their marriage, sent a message to the Prince Savelli, desiring an interview with him in his wife's name. The unlucky lover fell into the snare, and coming to the appointed place, was received by the infuriated husband with a frenzy of rage, and murdered on the very spot by him; after which the murderer made his escape, leaving his unfortunate wife to bear the brunt of the suspicions which immediately fell upon her. At the suit of the Savelli family, she was seized, imprisoned, and subjected to every species of torture practised in those torturing times, in vain protesting her innocence. She was finally rescued from further suffering by the intercession of a German archduchess, who, passing through Rome, and becoming acquainted with her history, interceded for her, and obtained leave to take her in her suite with her to Parma, where she remained until she died. The husband was heard of in Palestine some years after, but nothing positive was known of the fate of either of them after her trial.

After this story, the conversation turned upon the serpents, which, it seems, the warm weather is already tempting forth in the Villa Pamfili gardens, and other warm and lonely places. Mme. ——— told us, that while at Genoa she made an exploring excursion thirty miles off, to the ruins of a place called Libarna, where some interesting antique remains had excited her curiosity. While standing in the midst of the ruined foundations of some ancient edifice, and directing her workmen, who were excavating under her orders, endeavouring to trace the precise form of the buildings, they uttered a simultaneous cry ; and she declares that a serpent at least sixteen feet long, and as thick as a man's thigh, absolutely leapt by where she stood, and plunged down into the heaps of ruins beneath her. She told us also of a very curious scene, which two workmen described to her, and which took place at the time that a violent flood had swollen the waters of a mountain stream, in the vicinity of Libarna. The waters rose im-

mensely above their usual level, and the swollen torrent pouring down from the mountains, carried with it trees and houses and land, and everything that it could sweep away in its course ; the quantity of timber floated down from an extensive forest, many of whose oldest trees were uprooted and carried away, found fuel for several winters for the proprietors on the banks of the stream, whose peasantry collected themselves at the points where they could most advantageously arrest those masses in their downward progress, and drew them to shore. While thus employed, a body of them saw an enormous ilex, roots, earth, branches and all, tumbling headlong down the swollen torrent ; they prepared, with hooks and ropes and iron crooks, to seize and draw it to the bank, when, to their horror, they perceived that an enormous serpent lay coiled up among its branches. At each attempt that they made to seize the tree, the hideous creature raised itself, and appeared about to dart upon them ; and so terrible was its aspect, and so threatening

its attitude, that for a long time it successfully defended its floating throne from their attacks. At length, however, one of their number seized a huge stone, and hurling it at the creature, the latter plunged from the tree into the stream, and disappeared ; after which, almost immediately, and by miracle, as the peasants assured ———, the turbid swollen waters began to subside into their usual channel.

From this topic we passed to the less terrible but not much more agreeable one of spiders and scorpions, and Mr. ——— amused us by describing his experiments upon a number of tarantulas which he caught and confined in a tumbler together. He said their first movement was to construct within that narrow space each a sort of fortress of its own, from which sallying forth, they immediately fell upon, and with incredible fury and rapidity, devoured each other, the conquerors increasing in size as the process of victory and cannibalism proceeded, until there remained at the bottom of the glass

one huge hideous creature, who was the universal conqueror, and whose bloated body had become the sepulchre of his enemies as fast as he had demolished them. Certainly a more disgusting or hateful spectacle cannot be conceived.

Saturday, 14th February.—St. Valentine's day, the first day of the Carnival, soon after breakfast, ——— and my sister and I walked down and up, for it is both, several times to the Villa Massimo, formerly the Villa Negroni. We sauntered through the vineyards and gardens, under the intense warmth of the unclouded sun; the delicate blossoms of the almond trees stood like silver branches against the deep azure ground of the sky, the laurustinus bushes were in full bloom, the little green and gold lizards glided, and darted, and rustled along the hot stone walls, and among the spiked leaves of the cardoni. We sat ourselves down, with our faces towards the purple hazy hills, and listened to the jangling bells that came through the warm air, across the vineyard, an hour of Italian

enjoyment of mere being. At about two o'clock, with our carriage duly lined with white calico, and my green velvet bonnet covered with the same, we set forth to observe the solemnities of the Carnival. On the seat opposite to us was a large tray, heaped with small bunches of fresh flowers and violets; under the seat were two baskets filled with sugar plums of every variety, some of them the size of very large bullets,—formidable missiles, as we found when we received a volley of them. At our feet was a deep large basket, filled with the *confetti* as they are called; a species of small shot, made of dried peas covered with flour, and in throwing handfuls of which consists the chief warfare of the Corso. A couple of wire masks, rounded to fit the face, coloured pink to become it, and furnished, screen fashion, with a handle, completed our equipment; and thus we descended to the field of battle, our dresses being as nearly white as possible, and my sister having a large white bournous, and I a large white shawl on, the policy of which

millor-like equipment we very soon discovered. Passing through the Piazza di Spagna, we found it filled with soldiers on horseback, and every street was sending up to the great rout its string of carriages and stream of eager hurrying pedestrians ; groups of masks went dancing and laughing by ; Harlequins and Pantaloons, Turks, Albanians, Spanish Dons, and girls in short white skirts and coloured bodies, with blue or pink silk boots and very freely-shown legs. Most of these groups had their faces covered either with grotesque masks or the classical black silk visor : in passing the carriage, they threw us confetti or nosegays, or merry words. We were deposited at a house in the Corso, where we had the privilege of occupying Mrs. ———'s balcony. We had hardly taken our stations here, when, from a neighbouring balcony, a shower of sweetmeats and flowers assailed us, and we found ourselves the mark of a little man, who, with a most bright and delighted countenance, kept exercising his skill upon us, and

enjoying apparently equally our awkwardness in missing him, and his own dexterity in hitting us. While busily engaged with him, sundry treacherous shots reached us from another direction ; and we found that we were commanded by a balcony opposite to us, and higher than ours, from which sundry demure gentlefolks—our own countrymen I suspect—were pelting us *sans faire semblant de rien*, and with certain peculiarly convenient tin horns overwhelmed the luckless passengers in the street with perfect hail-storms of confetti, which rattled upon the men's hats and masks, and were received with shouts of laughter both by the sufferers and the lookers-on. The long irregular street presented the most singular and animated scene ; every window was filled with spectators, every balcony or jutting window from which a convenient view could be obtained was adorned with hangings either of crimson and gold, or gay rose colour and white ; the little balcony in which we stood was all festooned with the latter colours, and tapestry and curtains

and carpets were put in requisition to render commodious and gay every point where a station could be obtained. The entrances to many of the shops were turned, by dint of screens and partitions and temporary wooden erections, into small apartments, open to the street, and filled with women of the middle class in gay and bright fancy dresses, where scarlet and gold, and ribbons and flowers, and neck-chains and ear-rings, together with their own beautiful faces and magnificent braided hair, formed a most attractive and curious part of the show. The beauty of the women of the middle and lower class of Rome is something really wonderful; the richest colouring, great purity of features and nobility of form, particularly in the outline of the head, and its position on the shoulders. Their persons are generally clumsy, however, and their feet and ankles extremely ugly, thick, and ill-shaped: their divinity comes no lower than their shoulders.

While we were gazing up and down the Corso,

with its lining of bright human countenances, the military suddenly appeared in the Piazza del Popolo, and came slowly down the street ; a large body of cavalry and infantry, with trumpets blowing, and drums beating, and alternate snatches of music from the shrill fifes, and the fuller harmony of the brass band. During their passage through the Corso, which every day opens the Carnival, the irregular warfare which had preceded their arrival was suspended. We remained with our hands full of menacing confetti, ready for the next occasion of returning to somebody the pelting somebody else had given us. As we looked down in this threatening attitude, the old general who rode at the head of the troops looked up towards us, and, seeing our malicious purpose, shook his sword smilingly at us, which warning we received with infinite amusement. The soldiers had no sooner stationed themselves at the various posts, where they were to maintain order, and left the street again empty, than from every cross street and alley

debouched the pent-up stream of folly ; carriages rushed from every direction into the Corso, and forming themselves into two compact lines, drove slowly up and down, with their cargoes of pelting, screaming, laughing, human beings ; the carriages skirmished with each other, and with the lower balconies, and with the foot passengers ; the lower balconies sent confetti, nosegays, bonbons, and funny speeches to the carriages, and through the stream of pedestrians, who divided their attention, equally above, below, and around ; while from the higher balconies the masqueraders fought with their opposite neighbours across the street, their right and left-hand neighbours in the adjoining balconies, and every now and then showered down on the devoted heads of the walkers and drivers, whole baskets full of that hateful little hail ; with occasional gallantries to objects of special admiration, in the shape of huge hard bonbons, that struck one like so many small cricket-balls, leaving bruises to attest their arrival,—nosegays so thick and

heavy, that they stove in one's bonnet,—or, finally, as the very climax of good will and civility, lemons and oranges, which, being in a state of unripeness which protected one's clothes from injury, were also so hard, that the compliment of receiving one was as much as one's life was worth. The bright air resounded with the acclamations of joyful human voices, and was misty with the fine flour, hail, and nosegays flying in all directions. We soon left our balcony, and finding our carriage waiting in an adjoining street, got into it, and joined the stream of busy absurdity in the Corso. It is well to see the *coup d'œil* from the shelter and security of a window or balcony, but it is infinitely more amusing to be among the people themselves, whose good humour, fantastic and grotesque gaiety, droll fancies, and withal decent deportment, no foreigner can form the least idea of without having seen it; whereas, in England, drunkenness, riot, and violence would have been the inevitable result of this universal license.

The only intoxication to be seen was the ludicrous assumption of it by Pantaloons reeling between the carriages, bottle in hand, and with whitened faces ; and the only angry and disputatious voices were those of pretended poets, lawyers, and improvisatori, who, in full court costume, swords, powder and bag-wigs, harangued at the full blast of their lungs, to the infinite ecstasy of the crowd which gathered densely round them. The whole day passed in this curious succession of picturesque and ludicrous scenes ; our carriage was loaded with elegant and pretty bonbons, which were generally deposited on our knees or in our hands by masked pedestrians, with sundry sweet words thereto ; and as the daylight thickened in the deep defile of the Corso, we regained our balcony to see the race of the Barberi. A cannon fired gave the signal for clearing the Corso ; after which the guard on horseback dashed at full gallop down the street, and sentinels were posted at a few yards distance from each other to keep

back the impatient crowd, who, in spite of these precautions, kept breaking bounds and overflowing beyond this military cordon, in their extreme anxiety to catch the first glimpse of the horses.

At length the shout of a thousand voices rolling towards us like a great wave of the sea, announced their having started, and presently, full tear down the crowded gaping street, rushed eleven or twelve horses, covered with ribbons, knots, artificial flowers, streaks of bright red paint, and various other intended decorations ; to which were added appendages of a less harmless and benevolent character :—plates of brass and wood, acting as flappers by the rapid motion of the horses ; crackers and squibs, igniting and going off as they ran ; and onions stuck full of pins and needles, which, hanging by cords to their manes and upon their flanks, performed the part of spurs, whose impulse became more sharp and constant in proportion as the terrified creatures increased their speed. This part of the ceremonies of the Carnival may

be an improvement upon the former custom of making the unfortunate Jews race through the Corso, for the edification of their Christian fellow-creatures ; but it is still, in its present less offensive form, the least agreeable part of the Carnival to me. The terror and agony of the poor horses is most distressing, as is also the risk incurred by the spectators, whose uncontrollable excitement renders it almost impossible for them to repress it within safe bounds.

By some curious old privilege, dating many years back, the head of the noble house of Piccolomini receives a small sum upon every horse admitted to run. They start from an inclosure in the Piazza del Popolo, and are caught between two large cloths like sails let down before and behind them in the narrow street at the end of the Piazza di Venezia, called, from that circumstance, *Via della Ripresa dei Barberi*. I did not see their start on any day, but was assured by ——— that it was a very curious thing to see them brought to

the bar, each held only by a single man, who, together with the plunging, rearing, eager, terrified horse, realised and repeated to the life some of the fine antique statues. After the horse-race, the tide of biped life again poured into the Corso, and the universal pelting went on till evening sent the carnivalisti home to dinner or to supper, according as they were English or Italians. Nothing amused me more than the perfect Babel of languages resounding on all sides ; as for us, we held our laughing colloquies with the passengers, who challenged us in a leash of tongues—English, French, and Italian ; and we were even called upon to respond to Russian and Spanish, which, however, we were forced to decline. Our return home was anything but as triumphant as our going forth ; and I am sure would have furnished an admirable subject for a caricature. The white lining of the carriage half torn off ; the floor of it ankle-deep in confetti, sugar-plums, and nosegays, which had been thrown to and fro till they

formed one brown agglomeration of dirty rubbish ; the seats under us heaped with the same pervading trash. Heaven knows how it got there. Hoarse with laughing ; our arms aching with hurling things at our fellow-creatures ; our shawls awry ; our faces all smeared with flour ; our bonnets battered and dented into cocked hats with the thumps from nosegays thrown at us ; our very stays filled with the horrid little confetti, that had fallen into our bosoms, and down our backs, and all over us. A more complete sample of “ After the Battle ” I never saw. To be sure, we brought home *spolia opima*, in the shape of sundry most elegant and fanciful little boxes and baskets full of bonbons, that had been thrown or given to us, and which we piled like a trophy before ———, who, having done his Carnival thoroughly some years ago, looks with eyes of superior wisdom upon our folly in doing ours now.

After this fashion passed all the days of this

strange Saturnalia. In the evening we went three times while it lasted to the masked ball at the theatre, which the Italians call indifferently Veglioni or Festini. We took a box each time, and going provided with black dominoes, hoods, and masks, entertained ourselves with mystifying some of our friends and being mystified by them. The principal of these balls takes place on the Friday night, or rather Saturday morning, of the Carnival. Friday being the day which is rather kept holy, as we keep Sunday here, there was a suspension of racket and rout all day. There was no Corso, and nothing indicated that we were in the Carnival ; but to atone for this, no sooner had it struck midnight than the whole population of Rome able to pay an entrance-fee rushed to the Theatre of Apollo, where the Festino was held, and made up by the busy folly of the whole night for the fast of the day. Our box was filled with a perpetual stream of men and women, who, in grotesque

dominoes and those hideous black masks, came and saluted us, and in the high falsetto squeak which is the conventional tone of the *Mascherata*, held conversations with us, which were not, I must say, up to the pitch of brilliant wit and fanciful humour which the license of the occasion and our old playwrights had led me to anticipate; and we generally beat our masked visitors very soon, not only out of their small stock of ideas, but even out of their assumed voices, and reduced them to grumble their flat common-place in the usual key of habitual social dulness. Nor did I perceive any difference in this respect between the natives and our own proverbially heavy unconversational people. The Italians who visited us seemed quite as dull as the English; and I was surprised to find how little the removal of the usual formalities and restraints of civilised society added to the brilliancy or wit of conversation.

The pit and stage of the theatre were thronged

with a dense mass of people, swarming round and round like ants upon an ant-hill—or, when we looked at the whole mass rather than its individual particles, like some great black cauldron slowly boiling up to the brim and subsiding again. The prevalence of the dark modern man's dress, and of the black silk dominoes, made the whole thing dark in spite of the brilliant chandeliers and profusion of wax-lights which illuminated the house. The squeaking masquerade voice rose in shrill chorus from this black maelstrom, and the music of the orchestra could hardly be detected by the ear in the midst of the huge hubbub, any more than the small circle of dancers could by the eye, in the middle of the rolling multitude that swayed and pressed and wavered to and fro beneath us : it was a very strange sight. After a while, we put on our dominoes and masks, and descended into this human sea : we stopped at the boxes of several of our friends which were in the pit tier, and held conversations with them ; and I was sur-

prised to find how completely the disguise of the domino, and the assumed voice, took in people whom I really had no idea at the time that I had imposed on. After one turn through this dense mass of foolish humanity, we were glad to return to our box ; the crowd was all but impenetrable, and the suffocating heat of the costume intolerable, so we regained our box and saw out the sport from thence.

I believe I have nothing more to say of the Carnival, but to notice the closing in of the last evening, when, as the daylight grew thick, suddenly a thousand tapers from the street, the carriages, the windows, the balconies, the house-tops, shone out upon the dusky twilight. The Corso looked like a whole street full of fire-flies ; every body carried in their hands a sheaf of small wax tapers, and the swarming sparks in a burning piece of paper, or an assembly-general of all the ignis fatui in the world, or the Milky Way suddenly fallen from the sky into the Corso, are the only things I can compare this won-

derful and beautiful spectacle to. Far down the thronged irregular thoroughfare this magical illumination flickered and twinkled ; the street was alive with light ; the carriages formed little clusters or constellations of burning tapers ; from the projecting parts of every house the little *moccoli* were held aloft ; sticks, with lights fastened to them, were pushed far out from the very tops of the houses, like strings of strange stars up against the violet-coloured evening sky ; little boats of green and red oiled silk, with burning tapers in them, were set afloat in the air, and came flickering down like showers of illuminated flowers into the street. No words can convey any adequate idea of the brilliancy and singularity of the spectacle. In the meantime the sport consisted, not in the beauty and strangeness of the sight, but in everybody's endeavouring to extinguish everybody else's light, and keep his own from being extinguished. This, which might be supposed a satirical representation of society, was carried on with a frantic

activity irresistibly ludicrous to a looker-on. We had gone to our balcony, the better to enjoy the *coup d'œil*, and anything more magical, more fairy-like, and more devilish at the same time, cannot be conceived ;—pocket-handkerchiefs, sticks with little flags tied to them, wisps of paper, and all imaginable weapons were used to put out the little *moccoli*—extinguishers of oiled paper or parchment, fastened to long sticks, were in great requisition, and everywhere the little tapers burnt and flamed, and were blown out and re-lighted, while screams of laughter and shouts of “*Senza moccolo, senza moccolo !*” resounded from one end of the street to the other. For awhile I remained intent upon preserving my light from extinction, but the blows and blasts aimed at it from above, below, and all round, rendered it impossible ; and, finding that this individual care for my own luminary was depriving me of the curious spectacle, I put mine out once for all, and gave myself up to gazing at the comic rout all round. At length

we retreated from our stand, and threading our way through the crowd, regained our carriage. Immediately on leaving the Corso, all seemed dark and still, and though the blaze still streamed partly up some of the side streets communicating with it, and the confused uproar followed us like the sound of a distant beach some way after we had turned homewards, when we reached our own serene height on the Pincio, not a sound was to be heard but our own carriage-wheels, nor a light seen but the everlasting stars of heaven, which seemed to look down in quiet supremacy and an easy consciousness that they were not soon likely to be flapped out.

We dined hastily, and dressed and hurried to the theatre, to see the death of the Carnival and the grim entrance of Lent ; with all our best haste, however, we did not reach the ball till near eleven, and it was already over—the last day of the Carnival, the ball beginning at eight or seven o'clock, and ending an hour before midnight. The crowd now began to ebb from the

boxes and pit ; the military had already marched half down the stage, driving before them the lingering revellers, and leaving the space behind to the dominion of darkness and silence : a few people like ourselves still hung over their boxes, contemplating the gradual extinction of the poor Carnival ; on all sides resounded the melancholy words “ *Tutto è finito* ”—“It’s all over”—“*Jetzt ist das ende*”—lamentable bows and shakes of the head, and wavings of hands, were exchanged by sundry and various personages, who, during this season of universal acquaintance, had exchanged nods and looks and smiles, and were thenceforth to know each other no more. From the pit, a young man, who had often met us in the Corso with flowers and pretty devices, held up his hands, and with mournful gestures signed his farewell to us. The door of our box was vehemently thrown open, and a man in mask and domino squeaked, in the last notes of the masquerade and villanous English-accented Italian, “ *Tutto è finito*,”—and at the same time,

from the box above, a nosegay of gay artificial flowers was thrown down to us with a doleful exclamation of "Ah, the Carnival is over!" It was really quite affecting. The wax-lights, blown out by an insensible candle-snuffer, gave forth a most appropriate incense to the funeral of folly—the hot, blazing, dusty atmosphere grew dark and chilly as the lights went out, and the night-air rushed in. The depths of the stage were already undiscernible—dancers, orchestra, all had vanished, and twos and threes of lingering masks drained slowly away, like last drops, from that floor so lately covered over with waves of human absurdity. The great chandelier was slowly lowered down, the lights were one by one extinguished, the very carcass of the carnival lay before us—dust, darkness, and foul smells; and so we rushed off and home, and nothing remains but a harlequin-like vision of absurdity, and a nice little mountain of all sorts of pretty things, bestowed on us by our many friends of those nine days.

I have been to the Barberini palace, to see the picture of Beatrice Cenci. It is in the room with several other paintings, among which Raphael's Fornarina, and a female portrait ascribed to Titian, are the most remarkable. The picture of the Cenci itself does not appear to me either a very beautiful painting or the portrait of a very beautiful woman. It seems that the learned in such matters are now entertaining doubts as to its being either the work of the artist to whom it has hitherto been ascribed, or the picture of the person whom it has hitherto been supposed to represent. I looked at it, endeavouring only to free myself from the power of association, so far as to be able to form some independent judgment upon it. I have heard it asserted that it was a picture of which no idea could possibly be conveyed by any copy. With this opinion I differ entirely : I have seen copies of it, which, upon a long contemplation of the original, still appear to my memory to have been both faithful and satisfactory. The painting does not appear to me

eminently beautiful as a work of art, and the smallness of the mouth—always a defect in a face, and in this one, owing to its being half opened, a defect not only destroying beauty, but absolutely giving a vague and almost foolish expression to the countenance—makes it, in spite of the lovely outline of the other features, and the soft tear-wearied eyes, a human face almost without character or expression of any sort but that of sweetness and suffering. The mouth has always appeared to me, in the copies of this picture, as if it could not possibly be like the original, and now that I see the original, I cannot persuade myself that that mouth was like Beatrice Cenci's ; it expresses neither intelligence, sorrow, nor determination ; it is a pretty, round, silly, sensual, open mouth, and that is all. Of the picture of the Fornarina it would be idle for me to speak critically, were it not that there are certain provinces of criticism which belong even to those who know little of the mechanical rules of art, or the technical terms by which they

are expressed. In the first place, a half naked woman with a splendid turban on is a disagreeable object to me, because the nakedness is conscious and for a purpose : unconscious nakedness is the attire of innocence—partial nakedness, for the purpose of revealing some special beauty in a woman, is indecent, and therefore highly displeasing. The face of the Fornarina is also extremely disagreeable to me ; without feeling or meaning, a stupid-looking, staring, handsome creature, whose regular features and rich colouring present, nevertheless, a most unattractive and unlovely countenance ; most different, indeed, from that beautiful picture in the Florence gallery, misnamed the Fornarina, and which is now by some supposed to be a portrait of Vittoria Colonna. The forms of the bosom, arms, shoulders, and hands are perfect, and most perfectly painted ; nature could not be more beautiful, nor art more wonderful, than they are here shown. The third picture to which my attention was drawn, and the only one on which I dwelt with

unmixed pleasure, was a female portrait, said to be by Titian, but ——— thought it rather the work of Palma Vecchìo. The person of this woman was enveloped in rich but burly, ungraceful attire, even to one of her hands, which was covered with a clumsy glove. This, and something in the colouring, and in the soft thick-looking golden hair, recalled to me the holy love of Titian in that beautiful picture which he has called—who can tell why?—Holy and Profane Love. The countenance of the lady was serene and sweet, the mouth full of nobility, grace, and even wit. The eyes deep set, and of a dark blue colour, the form of the forehead and face full of character—majestic and lovely,—the beautiful hair, together with the warm reflection it cast like a golden curtain on her throat, seemed to me the very perfection of mere mechanical art. She was a most fair and gracious lady ; and as we left the room, turning to look at her again, my sister said she looked like Portia grown to mid-womanhood—and so she did.

Mr. ——— came and paid us a farewell visit the other morning ; among many things of much interest which he told us, he mentioned that Mr. ———, the Hanoverian minister here, was the son of Goethe's Charlotte,—for, he added, to my great surprise, that Werther was not a creation, but an experience of Goethe's ; that it was not, as I supposed, a satire upon others, but a history of himself ; that Mme. ——— and her husband were the originals of Charlotte and Albert, as he of Werther ; that she was a handsome, accomplished woman, who received his letters, full of adoration, passion, worship, and poetry which spent itself in expressions of idolatry, even about her ribands and flowers, with the utmost equanimity : he wound up by saying, that all Goethe's letters to this lady are now in existence, and in the hands of her son, Mr. ———, who entertained strongly the purpose of publishing them : certainly Werther itself would be infinitely less interesting than these records of a passion that suggested it ; I hope he will do so.

Since our visit to the Barberini, we have been to the Sciarra palace, and saw, among many others, three pictures worthy of all praise ; the first was a landscape, by Poussin,—a view of the banks of the Tiber, a most perfect picture, which made me exclaim with delight and admiration, as soon as I saw it : the yellow untidy shelving banks, the thick muddy water rolling its dirty white eddies like a solution of putty, were objects that could not in themselves be called beautiful ; but the purple light, or rather darkness that enveloped the whole, the truth, the reality, and ideality at once of it, were marvellous. I greatly prefer a fine landscape to a fine portrait ; the copy of the human countenance, like the human countenance itself, suggests the nature of man—unrest ; the copy of nature, like nature itself, suggests God—repose. / In the next room we found two lovely pictures, full of thought and expression, and in proportion fatiguing to look at—Titian's Belladonna, and Raphael's Suonatore ; the last is the most

wonderful picture I have ever seen, and I stood gazing into that dark face till I was surprised that it did not smile at being so steadily stared at. There were several copies of each of these noble portraits exhibited by their side, if possible, I suppose, to enhance their beauty and merit ; the pale unripe pink, with which the modern artists had copied the warm yellowish ivory-white of the neck and shoulders in Titian's picture, was certainly an admirable comment upon the art of painting flesh, and the chalky folds that professed to imitate the exquisite colour and texture of the white drawn round the bosom, an equally lively illustration of how linen should not be coloured. It is a curious thing, which I have had very frequent occasion to observe, that when indifferent artists have to paint eyes, whose beauty consists in their expression, they invariably make them a great deal too large ; this was the case in all the copies of these admirable portraits, where the eyes are not large, but beautifully shaped, and of a most wonderful depth, and

set in the head in a manner which is at once full of expression in itself, and extremely difficult to imitate. In the same room with these were the *Vanity and Modesty* of Lionardo da Vinci, a fine picture, that I do not like ; the *Gamblers* of Caravaggio, a very expressive and spirited picture, and two copies of a *Magdalen*, by Guido, in which the sickly green colouring of the flesh suggested to me no idea but that of a woman dying, or dead of cholera. After looking round the room, my eyes became again rivetted on the *Suonatore*, and I remained literally fascinated, unable to turn them away till we departed. We have been since this to the *Villa Albani*, to look at the collection begun by Winckelman, whose great work upon ancient art is one of the remembered delights of my childhood, with its interminable samples of helmets, and sandals, &c., and infinite illustrations of ancient art, all which, to my fascinated gaze, appeared in the large books as I pored over them, merely in the simple, but all comprehensive light of "pictures."

The thing that ——— particularly wished us to see was the specimen of Archaic sculpture, known by the name of “The Education of Bacchus,” preserved there. It is altogether a less interesting sample of the earliest Greek art than the Xanthian Marbles, but resembles them in style and conception ; having at the same time more of the angular stiffness of the very early plastic art, which they also exhibit, and less variety in the forms and freedom and grace in the draperies—those perfections which were subsequently so magnificently developed in the statues of the Parthenon. The only other objects in the collection which I particularly examined were a noble Minerva, standing as though about to utter—

“Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
Are the three hinges of the gates of life,
That open into power every way ; ”

and the beautiful group of the Mercury, Eurydice, and Orpheus. Tenderness and sorrow, grace and dignity, are so admirably combined in this exquisite conception, that the longer one looks

at it the more charmed one is into a pleasure almost like that derived from a perfect musical harmony; it is withal exceedingly sad as well as lovely. We stopped to look at the deformed bust and pathetic intellectual face called *Æsop*; it looks just like him, that is to say, if there ever was such a person he ought to have looked like that. The strangest, though by no means the loveliest object we encountered in the Villa Albani was Professor ———, with a tail of German thirst-for-knowledge ladies, young, middle-aged, and old, who followed him from room to room, and from statue to statue, while he expounded, in an audible lecture pitch of voice, the history and merits of every particular object, directing the attention of his female class now to the finely-turned thigh and leg, and now to the nobly proportioned chest of some antique specimen of marble beauty. As the whole thing looked ridiculous, I thought it very good-natured of him to do it; and as he is one of the most learned antiquarians and critics in matters of art

of the present day, if I could have understood his address, which being in German I could not, I should most assuredly have joined myself to his class, and listened with my eyes and mouth open too, instead of which I went out on the balcony with my sister and spent the time there overlooking the lordly gardens, with their broad stripes of greensward all frosted with daisies ; the smooth box hedges, with their new pieces of tender vivid green let into the dark verdant wall like the repairs of the spring ; the fountains dancing up and down in the sun, and the warm air just creeping round the rose-bushes and twitching their outer branches ; the red and white gillyflowers smelling so spicy and sweet ; the statues, the columns, the busts, the vases, the flights of steps below us, the noble mountains beyond, the perfect blue above—it was enchanting and not German. “There is neither sound nor speech,” &c.

We went two days ago to the studio of Cornelius, to see the cartoon which he has just

finished for the Campo Santo at Berlin. It is the first and only one he has executed, though the whole series is already finished in designs of a small size, which I am happy to say are about to be published and given to the world. It is intended to cover the four walls of a square building with an equal number of fresco paintings of colossal proportions. The subjects are all scriptural, and chiefly from the New Testament. Between them are single figures, illustrating the beatitudes, from the "Sermon on the Mount;" and below and above each panel or compartment is a smaller design, representing some passage of Holy Writ—the three subjects illustrating each other by some moral or spiritual connection in the most beautiful manner; the whole is connected and woven together by ornamental designs of great elegance. Before all other things, in speaking of this great work, which should confer happiness in its conception as well as glory in its execution upon its author, I must express the deep satisfaction which his

mode of treating his subject gave me. Mr. Cornelius is, as his friend Professor ———, who accompanied us, informed us, a devout Roman Catholic, yet in his illustrations of the Life of Christ there was nothing sectarian, nothing especially revealing his own peculiar form of Christianity, nothing that was not the highest expression of the religion of Christ ; not that of any particular body of his followers. It would have been impossible to tell, from contemplating these designs, to what denomination their author belonged, and equally impossible not to feel assured that he was a devout christian. The enormous labour of the whole thing struck me extremely ; and the great variety of subjects, all illustrating and commenting each other in the profoundest manner, the beauty of the separate designs, the religious harmony of the whole, seemed to me, like Milton's "Paradise Lost," a noble prayer—the worthy offering of one of God's inspired to the Father of all inspirations. In comparing the subjects which I had seen treated before in the works of other

masters, there appeared to me to be a great superiority in grace and tenderness in the conceptions of Cornelius. The Raising of Lazarus appeared to me more simple and impressive than the famous Sebastian del Piombo. The Woman taken in Adultery pleased me infinitely better than Rembrandt's picture, the deep and gorgeous colouring of which does not in any degree compensate to me for the ignoble and vulgar forms of every figure in it, to which that of our Saviour is no exception. In Cornelius' design he has treated the subject in a novel manner, by representing Jesus in the act of writing with his finger upon the sand. The position and figure of the Adulteress is perfectly exquisite. Another of the drawings, the Raising to Life of the Young Man of Nain, afforded me an opportunity for a comparison, which was again in favour of Cornelius. I had seen quite lately an etching of the same subject by Overbeck, which, in spite of great merits, appeared to me crowded and confined, and wanting in the pathetic effect

which so eminently belongs to the subject. On the contrary, the design of Cornelius was simple in the extreme, and the attitude of the disconsolate mother full of expression and beauty, while the attention was not diverted, as in the composition of Overbeck, from the principal figures in the scene by the crowd of mourners, spectators, and attendants. His treatment of that most hackneyed subject among Italian painters, the *Pietà*, was full of the deepest pathos. In short, it would be impossible to enumerate all the designs in this great work, which struck me as remarkable for their dignity, grace, and simplicity, and which pleased me better than any treatment of the same subjects I had ever seen. The attitude of Adam and Eve after the fall was extremely striking and beautiful; the man absorbed in remorse and utter wretchedness, apparently unconscious even of the woman's presence; while she, in the midst of her agony and shame, still stretched one hand in sympathy and supplication to him. Between each of these large panels

is a figure, or group of figures, illustrating one of the beatitudes from "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." The majority of these figures were male ; and at first I felt a little inclined to cavil at the illustration of "Blessed are the Peacemakers," by an aged man, full of tenderness and dignity, parting two youths about to engage in fight. It seemed to me that this subject might have found its more fitting expression in some female representative. Upon reflection, however, I feel no longer sorry, but glad that Cornelius has restored some of the virtues of Christianity to humanity at large ; for chastity, modesty, temperance, meekness, humility, patience, and the forgiveness of injuries have really been made feminine instead of christian attributes quite too long. "Blessed are they that mourn," was most strikingly illustrated by a woman whose whole attitude is that of perfect misery, while, beside her, a child uplifts its hand and eyes to Heaven, with that appeal that "findeth sure reply."

After looking over these designs, the very first of which is connected with the very last by some fine link of spiritual association, we sat down before the one cartoon, the first which he has finished. It represents the passage of Revelations where the phials of God's wrath are poured out upon the earth, and the destruction of the human species by Death, War, and Pestilence. High in the middle of the picture, on a colossal horse, sits a colossal figure, beautiful and terrible to behold; the form of the face is perfect, and the compressed lips, the dilated nostrils, the knit dark brows and fatal flashing eyes; the head with its helmet; the bare body, with determination in every nerve and muscle of it; and the uplifted arms and hands clenching the fiery sword that is about to fall like a meteor upon the tribes of the children of men, form one of the finest and grandest conceptions of terror and destruction that I ever saw. The countenance forcibly reminded me of Lawrence's picture of Satan

calling his comrades from the pool of Hell. Before this vision of dismay, right under the upreared impending hoofs of his horse, kneels a woman, whose might of mother's love seems almost as though it could avert the fate that overwhelms the world ; her open lips utter the cry of horror ; her dilated eye, outstretched throat, and uplifted, deprecating arms, seem to keep suspended the trampling ruin that covers her like a vault. Her child, with his limbs stiff with terror, props himself against her breast, and upturns his face, full of fear and agony, to the great doom above him. Another woman kneels beside her, the twin of her anguish and horror ; across her knee lies the lifeless body of her child. The group has but one fault,—the sameness in the faces, features, and expressions of the women. The similarity of action in the outstretched arm may be a defect, but seemed to me a beauty. Beside this vision of doom sits an old and meagre, but malignant fiend,—his gaunt, greedy-looking

horse comes head and hoofs downwards upon the heap of dead and dying beneath him. The old man who represents Death sets his teeth hard,—the mouth has a sinister grin of savage delight, and from beneath white bushy eyebrows a fiendish light of hatred gleams like the shining of a half-sheathed knife. A scythe is about to follow the downward sweep of this remorseless figure, reaping the world ; beneath him lies a noble pile of death, a man whose every limb is dead,—a woman prone upon him, her hands buried with an action of admirable despair in the thick tresses of hair at the back of the head ; above her body a child survives, turning up its forlorn countenance to the grim reaper : here again the only defect of this sublime composition makes itself felt in the resemblance of this to the face of the other child. There are also two old men's heads, which are very similar in their noble outline and expression. To the left of the fine middle figure on the rearing horse, are two admirable representations of the

third devastating curse sent to depopulate the earth ; two lean, lithe, wiry figures, with thick Ethiopian lips, low receding foreheads, and turbans surmounting their hideous ghastly countenances, stretch themselves eagerly over their horses, — the one sends the poisoned arrow from his bow as he lies along the gaunt neck of his horse, that looks like a bestial personification of the plague ; while the other, with scales high uplifted in one bony hand, and the other raised, as though in warning, seems uttering a cry from his swollen lips that might sound across the deserts of the earth to its places of thickest population, the coming of pestilence sweeping from the barren regions of the east to cover the world with its livid blue and green and yellow plague-spots. These two figures are admirable, so are their horses : indeed, one of the finest things in the composition appears to me the great variety and expression in the figures and countenances of these ghastly steeds. The group is unlike any other group of

horses I ever saw, and is really wonderful in its power, terror, and beauty. Above this ghastly company of destroyers floats in the air the fearful band of the spirits enfranchised by their dreadful ministry: they seem to hover just above the death-strewn earth, in an atmosphere of stillness; they look with stedfast calmness to those about to follow them; they are not afar off, but near, yet the great gulf, that parts the dead and the living, lies between them;—perhaps, indeed, only thus little removed are those who have put off mortality from us, who yet wear it; perhaps the cloud of witnesses which encompasses us is but a little way beyond those visible clouds through which we look towards what we call heaven. Oh! they are nearer at hand, and behold us with peaceful, solemn stedfastness, for they know what we but guess; and the great mysteries—sin and sorrow—are revealed to them in all their sublime significance. Before ending this meagre remembrance of this noble work of Christian art, I must not omit to mention the

illustration its author has chosen for the coming of Christ to judgment. The parable of the ten virgins has been adopted by him for the subject of this cartoon, and nothing can be more beautiful than the truth, variety, and expression of the figures, in their various attitudes of slothful oblivion or dismay, and graceful, joyful alacrity.

Riding out with ——— and ——— yesterday, we met a couple of white mules drawing a cart-load of mould. Our Italian friend told us that these white mules belonged to the Pope, to whose service they were especially dedicated, and added, with something of a sneer, that they had the honour of carrying His Holiness's dead body to be buried whenever it occurred to him to die. From this we got into a conversation upon the government and condition of the people, such as it is difficult enough to have with any native here, who, as far as I have seen them, or talked with them, keep their discourse innocent of any but the most absolutely trivial matter. He said, which indeed is tolerably apparent, that

the mass of the common people were very well off, and very contented. Labour is dear, and the wages, considering especially the cheapness of food, are high. The Roman population have however a decided objection to labour, as a degradation as well as a bore ; and the greater proportion of the peasants whom one sees working in the campagna and about the vineyards and gardens come from the Neapolitan and Tuscan States. One meets them in bands, carrying their implements with them, like the Irish reapers in harvest-time in England ; and more than once the great resemblance between the two races has struck me most forcibly. The comfortable condition of the lower classes in the Roman States is such, that when the last revolution at Bologna broke out, the Government entertained little or no apprehension of any rising among the people at Rome ; and the Pope even dismissed his guard, to express his confidence in their good dispositions. The physical well-being of the great mass of the popu-

lation is of course decidedly inimical to any revolution, for physical well-being is all that the unenlightened desire, and the great mass of all societies must consist of the unenlightened for yet a long space of years. The middle class here, the professional men, are the discontented leaven in the mass. Of course, if they could depend upon the action of the whole population, important changes might ensue ; but though revolutions require, for the most part, heads as well as bodies, it is easier for the great bulk of a people to effect changes for themselves, (though without guiding spirits they can only be temporary outbreaks, causing temporary change,) than for the most enlightened intelligences to force an unenlightened and physically contented population into revolutionary action. To produce great and permanent alterations in a government, great popular grievances must exist, affecting with an equal desire of change the bulk of the population and some portion of the more educated classes ; without this union

nothing can be achieved but fruitless outrages of mobs, or the still more hopeless action of unripe conspiracies, ending either in bloodshed in the street gutters, on scaffolds, or the more modern retribution of a life-long penance in some fortress, like the Spielberg—political prisons, where noble spirits expiate the error of having undertaken single-handed national causes against oppression, which required a national movement to make them successful. The superstition, profligacy, insufficiency, and venality of the Government here, are nevertheless so little the cause of physical suffering to the great bulk of the people, that a very general spirit of easy contentment prevails, and such abuses as are too manifest to escape the keen observation of a very quick-witted and naturally shrewd people, are discussed and ridiculed with a freedom which might seem at first anomalous in such a state of things, but which, in fact, is another safety-valve which the Government very prudently allows to those, who, forbidden to

speak, might possibly undertake to act. There exists, therefore, in Rome generally a very great extent of license in this respect, and public and political matters are canvassed with a freedom that might seem, at first glance, quite incompatible with the generally low mental condition of the people and the absolutism of the Government. In the religious institution of confession, the latter holds an enormous political power, and it is the most frequent engine employed for the discovery and defeat of conspiracies ; the party confessing to any knowledge of such machinations being always scrupulously held harmless in whatever retribution follows the revelation.

——— recited to us some highly satirical sonnets written upon the Government by a man who is a clerk in one of the government offices, and who, of course, that being the case, dares neither publish nor otherwise make known his authorship. As always happens, however, in such cases, the offensive matter finds circulation, and

it is impossible to calculate the amount of importance of such expressions of public sentiment, to which secrecy and the fear of danger to those who originate and those who propagate them add an infinite zest. The lines ——— repeated to us were witty and pithy, and reminded me not a little of some of Berenger's sallies. He said the same man had written an enormous number of these political sonnets, chiefly in the sort of dialect in which the common people express themselves, many of them extremely coarse, but all of them full of satirical power and wit.

He said that there was no career here for a gentleman of family unless he chose to become a priest. He spoke with great good sense, and at the same time much bitterness, of the inefficient education to which the sons of their noble families were condemned ; of the miserable intellectual results of their college and private tuition, from the prevalence of the priestly spirit throughout all, which narrowed and reduced all

mental training here to the most pitiful products. He spoke of the invariable custom which exists here, of giving young gentlemen of family entirely into the charge of some priest or abbate, who, from their earliest childhood, is by turns nursery governess, tutor, and companion, till the attainment of majority at once enfranchises the youth from this incessant supervision, and leaves him, as it were, suddenly, and from one hour to another, the entire master of his own actions,—in freedom a man ; in fact and truth, an inexperienced child. The results of such an instantaneous transition from absolute restraint to absolute liberty, at the age of one-and-twenty, may be easily imagined. One of its most deplorable consequences, according to ———, was the number of unworthy marriages, which the utter inexperience of many of these young noblemen had induced them to make with artful and designing women of the lower classes ; disgraceful and wretched unions, entered into in the blindness of a first youthful passion, and

entailing regret and bitter mortification as their least miserable results.

As an illustration of this system, we meet daily in our drives or walks on the Pincio, or in the Borghese gardens, one of the sons of the Prince ———, a young man born to one of the noblest names and greatest fortunes of Rome, and who daily takes his airing, like a sick dowager, (for girls in England have more freedom), in an open carriage, accompanied by his inseparable abbate, from whom, however, to judge by his appearance, a very short time must divorce him, leaving him free to follow his instructions, or to buy wisdom at its sole and costly price—experience. From this talk we fell into discussions of the approaching Easter ceremonies, and I learned with amazement that confession and attendance at the communion table and at certain preparatory religious exercises were expected, and I may say exacted, from everybody during the Holy Week—an enforced observance worse than meaningless, and which induces a spirit of bitter, secret

ridicule in those who are compelled to it by a species of social tyranny, which, with the great majority, must necessarily degenerate into contempt and dislike to all religion—this obligatory ceremonial being the only thing so called with which they are acquainted. ——— subsequently told me that every member of every parish who did not confess and take the sacrament some time during the Easter festivities was actually posted up publicly. What further catastrophe ensued I do not know, but few people brought up in a priest-ridden community such as this would care to affront the obloquy of such a publication. I presume that to any one hardy enough to brave it, however, admonition and eventual excommunication would be the consequence. After all, bigoted and illiberal as all this may appear, it is not by any means peculiar to this country or this sect. And when I remember that in the heart of America, the self-styled land of political freedom and religious toleration, in the city of brotherly love (so called), I have seen the sky

blood-red with the light of burning Catholic churches ; when, in Massachusetts, a priest can illustrate his discourse by designating from his pulpit, as a warning to the rest of his congregation, such among them as happen to differ from his orthodoxy in opinion, the particular folly and tyranny of one set of sectarians loses its miserable prominence, when brought into comparison with similar exhibitions of the same spirit, under different names and in different parts of the world ; there is through all, unfortunately, a strong family likeness. Our landlord informed us, to our great surprise, that the holiness of Easter extended through the whole week following Easter Sunday, to that degree, that in the Roman Catholic church no marriages were allowed during that time.

I have seen to-day the first acacia blossoms of the spring.

UPON A BRANCH OF FLOWERING ACACIA.



THE blossoms hang again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me
Against my casement, on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast
born.

And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their snowy clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud, thou.
They seem to me thy sisters, Oh, my child !
And now the air, full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour, a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings, as I think of thee.
Was it in vain ! Oh, was it all in vain !
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath

Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure
mine !

And from its tender depths the blue heaven
smiled,

And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed.

And now how is it, since eleven years
Have steeped that memory in bitterest tears ?

Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign
earth,

Thy twins, that crowned the morning of thy birth.
How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one !

In thy fresh spring time growing up alone ?
What warmth unfolds thee ?—what sweet dews
are shed,

Like love and patience over thy young head ?

What holy springs feed thy deep inner life ?

What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife ?

What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and
full and free,
Lovely and glorious, oh, my fair young tree ?
God—Father—thou—who by this awful fate
Hast lopp'd, and stripp'd, and left me desolate!
In the dark bitter floods that o'er my soul
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,
Let me not be o'erwhelmed!—Oh, they are thine
These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine !
So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth
Shall, in a gracious growth of love and truth,
With an abundant harvest honour Thee :
And bless the blight which Thou hast sent on me ;
Withering and blasting, tho' it seem to fall,
Let it not, oh, my Father ! drink up all
My spirit's sap—so from this fate shall grow
The palm branch for my hand and for my brow,
With which, a hopeful pilgrim, I may tread
The shadowy path where rest awhile the dead,
Ere they rise up, a glorious company,
To find their lost ones, and to worship Thee !

I have been taking a series of beautiful rides in the campagna; I wish very much to preserve, if possible, some record of the various features of that vast, wonderful plain,—but words multiplied to weariness can very hardly express one tithe of the loveliness and sublimity that the eye sweeps over in a minute on that enchanted ground; and first, we come upon some point of it where it spreads out before us a wide, flat expanse, hazy and unbroken as a summer sea, over whose level surface whole companies of larks trill and twitter, and twinkle, with a perfect chorus of jubilant song, of which our lonely field-singer gives not the faintest conception. It is very curious, by the bye, the fuller life to which all things seem ripened by this southern climate: not only do the larks appear in perfect cohorts over these sunny plains, and sing with a loud clearness, unequalled, certainly, by our solitary morning bird; but the same

sort of difference manifests itself in flowers common to both countries. The daisies here have a wide-awake determined air, which would have made Burns' address to them absolutely ironical ; their buds are of the deepest crimson, their flowers are of the most unhesitating white, with little stiff-necked stalks, and faces all turned up to the sky with a degree of self-possession quite astonishing in a mere daisy. The China roses have all a much deeper colour, and stronger perfume than with us. I saw one to-day, a bud sitting under some fresh taper polished green leaves, beneath which a single ray of the sun darted upon the passionate-coloured crimson flower, that sat beneath its canopy, in an atmosphere of living light, and glowed in a sunshine all to itself, like a jewel : I never saw such a magic effect of colour in my life. Then, too, the violets here could never, even by the most courteous device of poetry, have been celebrated for their modesty ; from fresh vigorous tufts of veined leaves they shoot long slender stalks,

with deep-coloured red purple blossoms, in absolute sheaves—not low down—not nestling under shade—not shrinking into moss and retirement; but looking as everything here seems to do—towards the sun, and opening their sweet bosoms to the warm air: that at noon in our little terrace garden was full of their perfume.

But to return to the campagna, after loosing our reins, and giving our horses their heads in a swinging gallop over this flowery ocean, it gradually seems to rise and fall around us, and the level plain sinks and swells into billows and waves of undulating green, flowing and melting into each other, like the beautiful limbs of the gigantic statues of the Parthenon. Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with butter-cups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds, with rocky precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm yellow-coloured earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half

curtained with long tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the level ground ; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots, and under the twisted gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, warped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their dusky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewn with flowers—violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heaths, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle, and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver rod—asphodel ; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reach an eminence from which

a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighbouring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all round us. Again we come to free level ground, and cantering along, find ourselves on the brink of sudden rifts in the smooth surface of the land—deep rents, torn by the rain in the crumbling volcanic soil—tattered gullies, with a sparkling thread of live water running through them, and thickets of exquisite wild hedge-growth fringing them ; snow-white drifts of hawthorn, and honey-suckle wreaths, send up their mingled perfume towards the sun—a paradise of wild sweetness, enchanting the senses of the wanderer through this wonderful wilderness ; here and there we come to perfect rummages in the banks by wind and weather—slides of rich brown earth, over which scars in the earth's bosom Nature makes haste to draw the edges of her flowery mantle ; and now our horses' hoofs spring over long strips of emerald sward, flowing like broad, winding rivers between level ranges of low hills. The close grain of the thick grass

is starred with the tiny blossoms of the wild geranium, and every now and then we trample a patch of narcissus with their cream-coloured blossoms and blue stiff leaves, and think how preciously we should have gathered them from a northern garden. On each side of these long narrow vallies young wood growth stretches a light screen, fragrant with the freshness of the spring, or vocal with its thousand melodies. Rounding the grassy slope of a hill-side, we come upon one of the scattered habitations of the campagna—hardly, however, a human habitation—a low-thatched shed, scarcely large enough to permit one man or two dogs to be curled up beneath its shelter from sun or rain. Further on stands the untidy, stinking cottage, with its sheep-pens of nets stretched over the neighbouring pasture, within whose bounds the brown sheep stray nibbling ; their undyed wool forms the clothing of the friars, whose dress is a constant source of delight to me, from its fine rich colour, and ample folds. Without the net, and

wandering on a sort of free guard, the white wolfish dogs of the campagna prowl round the settlement, and come yelling, and barking, and bounding furiously towards us, while leaning lazily on his staff, as we go by, the shepherd himself completes the picture ; with his goat-skin breeches, and sheep-skin cloak, and matted black mane of his own tangled locks, out of which his eyes gleam like coals of fire. Far off we see the grey fortress farms rising in masses from steep foundations, and looking over the flowery, sunny waste for miles to their distant fraternity,—the tombs of ancient Italy, the watch-towers and castles of the middle ages, the peaceful, romantic dwellings of the peasants and herdsmen and vine-dressers of modern Rome. On some neighbouring hill-side shines, like a sapphire in a white stone setting, one of those long basins, wherein the fresh springs of the campagna are treasured up—upon the hot margin of which the golden, green, and black enamelled lizards run up and down, sunning themselves, and rustle

away through the grass as we slowly pass along by the stone hem of the fountain. Here we look down upon a glaring road winding far up to the mountains, and betraying its course by the fine clouds of dust that tell where, lazily along the blinding way, the mouse-coloured oxen in sober society draw the lumbering carts, wherein or whereon lie stretched the sleeping hinds that should lead or guide them. Long trains of rusty mules, fastened by the tail to each other's heads, walk invisible beneath a high, thorny, tottering mountain of brushwood, piled on each side and all over them like a brown mist, now tipped here and there with vivid green, the young twigs having been cut full of sap and buds and yellow golden sprouts; from beneath which curious canopy nothing is seen but the head fastened to the tail of its predecessor, and the tail tied to the head of its successor. Beside these jingle merrily along those little carts laden with small wine-casks, with their curious canopy formed out of the main

branches and boughs of some tree ; this is lodged somewhere in the body of the vehicle, covered with skins and leather, stuffed with straw, lined with coarse sackcloth, and so contrived as to turn round and screen from either side the driver, who, half lying, half sitting under this shelter, half opens his bead-like eyes and pushes the pointed hat, with its bright bunch of crimson stocks or orange-coloured wall-flowers, half off his blue-black hair to scratch his head, as lazily as if he grudged the trouble, while his bronze face sparkles through all its sleepiness with the brilliant colouring and vivid expression peculiar to this singularly handsome race. Passing these at a more rapid pace comes the mounted peasant or cattle-driver ; his short jacket, tight breeches, and leather gaiters, buckled like armour round his legs, showing admirably his straight and well-proportioned limbs ; his dark green or brown cloak is strapped to the high-peaked saddle, and in his hand he carries a long light lance headed with a goad, which adds immensely

to the picturesqueness of his appearance. By the side of some of these roads, marking wherever they remain the lines of the old Roman ways, stand the ruined tombs, that have not been converted into habitations for the living,—nameless monuments of nameless existences, long since gone out amid the perpetual extinguishment of life, whose mellow-tinted walls yet raise above the sward of the *campagna* their crumbling ivy-clasped fragments. Among these ruins, some are land-marks and special features in the wide waste, as all know who have directed their gallop across it by the round tower of Cecilia Metella, the arch of the *Torre de' Schiavi*, or the congregation of ruined walls at the *Sette Bassi*. The chief glory of the whole scene however, its grandest and loveliest feature, are the broken links of those thirteen chains that once bound the mountains to Rome by streams of living water. The crown of the *campagna*, the graceful and sad-looking aqueducts,—for nothing can be seen of a more melancholy beauty than these broken

arches and interrupted channels, the flowers sown by many hundred springs, waving from every crevice and cranny, the ivy climbing up each pier and buttress, and the whole campagna, with its boundary of glorious hills, seen through their arches, like a magnificent series of enchanting pictures, each more perfect than the other. From these witnesses of the power of Rome's Cæsars, the eye passes naturally to the mountains, and the mind to Him, the King of Kings, whose monuments they are. They stand round this vast plain, which is the noble margin of Rome,—a fitting frame to the great picture,—in pearly light that reveals every fold and plait of their recesses in purple shadow, that seems as though the hand could feel its thickness in every variety of form and aspect, rugged, savage, wild, gentle, smiling, and majestic; they circle round half the wondrous plain, the silver shining of the Mediterranean bounds the other half, and the unspotted arch of this proverbial sky bends its perfect azure over all. To these

things which the eye beholds, let the mind add (as how can it forbear ?) but one tithe of the recollections that throng every part it dwells upon, and where can be found in all the world a scene of equal interest and beauty. Beneath the ruined arch below the holy wood, the fountain of Egeria still pours on its legendary stream ; over the turbid waters of the Tiber hover the heroic forms that history has but lately and reluctantly yielded to the domain of poetry. Upon the Monte Sacro the shadowy host of a whole people stand, claiming from their oppressors those rights so slowly wrested from them through the domestic strife of centuries. Along the banks of the Allia, the Gaulish hordes rush, shaking the earth beneath their multitudinous trampling feet, rending the sky with their barbaric war shouts. Along the Appian way Paul walks with steadfast feet towards martyrdom ; and by the bridge of Milvius, the blinding vision of the Cross smites Constantine with instantaneous faith. Rome herself, as we looked long at her to-day, sits in a silver

mist of snowy blossoming trees, the focus towards which, as towards their proper centre, all these glorious recollections tend—crowned Queen of the world by reverential memory, as once she ruled by absolute dominion and the great genius of the men she bore.

VERSES ON ROME.

OH! Rome, tremendous, who, beholding thee,
Shall not forget the bitterest private grief
That e'er made havoc of one single life?
Oh! triple crown'd, by glory, faith, and beauty,
Thine is the tiara which thy priest assumes,
By conquest of the nations of the earth,
By spiritual sovereignty o'er men's souls,—
By universal homage of all memory.
When at thy capitol's base I musing stand,
Thy ruined temple shafts rising all round me,

Masts of the goodliest wreck, 'neath Time's deep
flood,

Whose tide shall ne'er rise high enough to cover
them ;

Thou comest in thy early strength before me,
Fair—stern—thy rapid foot-prints stamp'd in
blood ;

The iron sword clench'd in thy hand resistless,
And helmeted like Pallas, whose great thoughts
Still made thy counsels as thy deeds victorious.

Beautiful—terrible—looking o'er the earth
With eyes like shafts of fire, and with a voice
That uttered doom, calling its ends thy border ;
Resolute, absolute, steadfast, and most noble ;

A mistress whom to love was to obey,
For whom to live was to be prompt to die,
Whose favour was the call to sterner duty,
Whose frown was everlasting ignominy.

So stand'st thou, Virgin Rome, before mine eyes,
Type of all heathen national strength and virtue.

When thro' the Vatican's sounding halls I stray,

Thy second sov'reignty comes sweeping towards
me,

In gold and blood-red splendour borne aloft,
The colour of thy garments still kept fresh,
With blood of thy confessors and deniers,
Pour'd for and by thee over the whole earth;
So come those, carried in thy insolent meekness
Upon the shoulders of obedient Emperors,
Shrouded in clouds of mystic incense, voices
Of adoration in a thousand tongues,
Like mingling waters rolling round thy feet;
The cross, the sword, the keys,—potent insignia
Of thy stupendous double majesty,
Shining amid the lightings of those curses
Which gleam with ominous brightness round thy
path;

So sweeps thy second empire, Rome, before me.
And even now the pageant vanishes
Out from the portals of the palaces
Where it hath dwelt so long; I see the last
Waving and glancing of its impotent splendour,
And a dim twilight fills the place it filled.

Twilight of coming night or coming morning,
Who shall decide, save Him who rules them both.
And in the doubtful grey, one man alone
Stands in the place of that great mummery,
The throne borne on the backs of emperors
Lies at his feet ; and lo ! a ghastly bed,
Where, 'mid diseases and corruptions loathsome,
Infirm, decrepid, crippled, impotent,
Yet bright-eyed with vitality unconquerable,
At its great heart the ancient faith lies gasping ;
Beneath his hand a glorious shape springs up,
From whose bright veins a stream of healing
youth
Is poured into the withered blood-conduits
Of the bed-ridden Church ; and she arises—
And they two stand together, and uplift
That song of praise whose first unearthly sound
Was the loud death-cry sent from Calvary ;
Whose sweetness yet shall sound thro' all the
world,
And rise to heaven, whence it shall echo back
His praise whose service shall be perfect freedom.

Loveliest and dearest art thou to me, Rome,
When from the terrace of my sometime home,
At early morning I behold thee lying,
All bathed in sunshine far below my feet.
Upon the ancient, sacred Quirinal,
Gleam the white palaces and orange gardens,
Towards which are turned all eyes, are stretched
 all hands,
Where, guarded round by Faith, and Hope, and
 Love,
The expectation of the people dwells.
On the pale azure of the tender sky
Thy mighty outline lies like the huge features
Of some divine colossal type of beauty;
Far to the left, beyond the Angel's tower,
Rises the temple of the world, and stretch
The Vatican's glorious arsenals of art,
Where still abide the immortal gods of Greece,
Where worship still the tribes of all the earth;
While from the blue and tufted Doria pines,
My eye delighted round the horizon wanders
To where the Falconieri cypress shafts

Pierce the transparent ether. Close at hand,
Over the nunnery wall, where, in sweet mockery,
The bridal flower its silver blossoms spreads,
Rises a chorus of clear virgin voices,
Chanting sweet salutations—greetings holy—
As once did Gabriel to the “blest ’mong women.”
No other sound makes vibrate the still air,
Save the quick beating of the wings of doves,
That from the sanctuary come to drink
At the clear dropping fountain in our garden.
Upon its curving margin they alight,
And make alive the graceful image traced
In the stone painting of the antique artist.
To me they call a lovelier image up—
A fair young girl, with shining braided hair,
And graceful head divine, gently inclined
Towards her shoulder, where a dove has lighted,
That with quick glancing eye and beak familiar,
And soft round head, and swelling purple breast,
Stands friendly, while the child towards it turns
Eyes like two streams of liquid light, and lips
Parted in smiling rosy eagerness.

Oh, Rome ! I do not see thee any more ;
This do I see—this loveliest, dearest vision
But for a moment, and my tears have blotted
Thy glory and its sweetness out together.

The holy week is over, the religious carnival of Rome—during which the curiosity and ill manners of foreigners render every Catholic place of worship a perfect bear-garden, and would almost make it impossible to believe that the same seasons were held equally sacred by all denominations of Christians. On Palm Sunday we went to St. Peter's, to see the benediction of, and the procession of palms. We made the best of our way to one of the tribunes, for which we had tickets, through a crowd of frantic women who certainly made all sorts of amazonian legends credible ; the poor Italian gentleman who stood at the entrance of the tribune seemed in imminent peril of being crushed to death by this flood of feminine intrepidity. A woman before me

who had been separated from her friends by the throng, kept loudly exhorting them to "push on and not to mind her, that she would follow,"—and follow she did undauntedly, by pushing between my sister and myself, and forcibly separating us, though for greater security we had hold of each other's hand. Upon my beseeching her not to separate me from my companion, she replied at the very top of her voice, "I might as well say the same thing to you, ma'am ; besides, the place is not so large, you'll find your party again, I dare say." This, uttered with a face crimson with obstreperous struggles, and arms and legs working like the wings of a windmill in every direction, accompanied by a loud exhortation to her party "to get on, that she would make out," &c., were my sole consolation.

The chanting of High Mass was long and tedious, and I took advantage of it to read the service for the day in my own prayer-book ; the splendid church, with its motley crowd of gazers and worshippers ; its priests, in purple robes and

grey fur tippets ; its brown bare-headed friars ; the servant and peasant girls in their scarlet jackets and picturesque head gear ; the lady spectators in their becoming Spanish costume ; and, above all, the glorious and beautiful effects of light and shade upon the whole pageant, delighted me extremely. The procession itself did not strike or please me so much as that of Candlemas, and I was much disappointed with the appearance of the palms themselves, which, though indeed branches of trees, were peeled of their green bark, stripped of their leaves, and curled and twisted into an appearance so perfectly artificial, that it required absolute knowledge, or absolute faith, to realise that they were not entirely artificial products. I had imagined the whole throng of splendidly dressed priests and officers bearing real branches and palms in their hands, like that multitude who, drunk with the excitement of admiration and awe, cast down their garments in the way, and filled the air with Hosannas as Christ passed on into Jeru-

saalem, from which he was to go forth again so soon, dragging his own cross amid the groans and insults of that very populace. The form of worship, too, in the ceremonies of the Romish Church disturbs me excessively, because it is ridiculous to me. I hate to look at the holy things of my brethren with unsympathising eyes, and I cannot help it ; nor, when they set the Pope down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss and bow and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll, can I refrain from a feeling of disgust and displeasure ; so that, upon the whole, these church spectacles are very unsatisfactory to me.

The next morning early, in my daily walk of discovery, I wandered into the little church of St. Mark, attached to the Venetian palace, which is now the residence of the Austrian Embassy. The chapel, for it was hardly larger than one, was full of gorgeous colours, gilding, rich marbles, and profuse ornaments ; most

of the funeral tablets bore Venetian names. Mass was going on, and round a species of temporary inclosure, formed by low square scarlet-covered benches, knelt a number of young boys and girls ; the white dresses and veiled heads of the latter announced that they were going through the ceremony of their first communion ; round them sat and stood, in various attitudes of anxiety and sympathy, a company of mothers and female friends. Mass was said, and some beautiful chanting enlivened the pious mummary ; after which an aged priest, apparently, by his dress, of high church rank, entered the enclosure, and kneeling on a crimson-coloured hassock, began a discourse in Italian, upon the subject of the ceremony about to be performed by the young communicants. This address, which he made in the person of the children themselves, alternately to the Redeemer and the Virgin Mary, became, by degrees, more and more passionate, the preacher throwing his arms about, striking his breast, wringing his hands, and

uttering the most violent exclamations of sorrow and repentance at the “*tanti peccati*” which the children had committed, “*tanti disgusti*” they had given the Saviour and his Divine Mother. During this discourse, or rather series of ejaculations, the emotion of the children, especially the young girls, went gradually crescendo, until, when the preacher arrived at the climax of mercy shown to these poor sinning souls—in now being permitted to eat the very body of this their offended and pardoning God,—there was one response of sobs, wails, and hysterical cries, and for awhile the prayer was interrupted by the explosion of excited feeling it had occasioned. I do not wonder at such an effect being produced upon young imaginations and young nerves; what with the thrilling music, the faint smell of the incense which pervaded every part of the church, the infectious emotion of their companions, and the passionate cries and appeals of the priest addressing them—the dose of excitement was certainly pretty strong for young southern girls

of from twelve to fourteen years old: what good result might spring from so much purely physical emotion and so much overstrained imagination, I know not. I prayed heartily, and with all my soul, for those young creatures, for whom my sympathy was deeply excited, even by what appeared to me the danger of the process they were undergoing. Most of the girls had their faces buried in their handkerchiefs; one of them, a very pretty lassie, whose dress was rather more elegant than the rest, removed hers to look at somebody near her, and, to my astonishment, her eyes were perfectly tearless, and her face smiling rather maliciously—that girl's nerves must be incomparably strong: the impression of that laughing young face, hidden again almost instantaneously in the handkerchief, was like a sudden discord in sweet music. When the tumult of religious fervour had a little subsided, another priest entered the enclosure bearing the Sacrament, and it was given to each of the children. It was curious to detect the mothers and friends

of each by the tender sympathy expressed in their faces, and their gradual eager approach as their particular charge received the sacred wafer ; another priest then gave to each of them a small ticket—a species of voucher testifying that they had gone through this holy ceremony—and so it all ended. As I turned away I saw, kneeling in a confessional, a man who was unburthening his conscience of its sins. He was not kneeling, as is most customary, in one of the side compartments, and speaking through the usual small opening, but the door of the confessional was open, and he was kneeling between the feet of the priest, whose hand, with a singular gesture of tenderness, was placed round his shoulder, while his head inclined towards him, so as to hear alone the revelation that was being made. This group struck me, and I waited to see them move. The confession ended, the penitent rose, but turned from me, and I did not see his face ; that of the priest, who was quite a young man, was beautiful, sweet, and calm, and most benevolent ;

the affectionate and commiserating attitude had not deceived me. How wonderfully expressive the whole body of an earnest human being is—how eloquent of any pervading and habitual feeling the whole carriage and deportment becomes.

On Thursday, in Passion Week, we went to St. Peter's, intending to proceed to the Sistine chapel, and hear Allegri's Miserere, which we had been informed was to be chanted there. We neglected, however, to dress ourselves in black, and the want of this proper formality prevented our being able to go to the Pope's chapel—where, however, after all, the famous composition of Allegri was not performed. There is a species of rivalry between the choir of St. Peter's and that of the Sistine chapel, and the several priests belonging to each do not scruple to give the most untrue accounts to foreigners who ask information of them, always taking care to make it appear that whatever is best worth hearing or seeing is going on at their own

particular chapel or church. They are like rival showmen or managers. Thus disappointed of our intended afternoon's entertainment, or edification, as I suppose it would be more proper to say, we seated ourselves in one of the chapels of St. Peter's, opposite to that which is used as the choir, and resigned ourselves to listen to the chanting which was being performed there, and which came across the vast dome to us in wailing melodious snatches, the effect of which was most melancholy, vague, and striking at the same time. We sat here for a long time, the light gradually dying out from the lower and further parts of the great building ; group after group of worshippers or gazers passed down the nave, while priests and monks, and country men and women in picturesque dresses, came one after another, and kneeled near where we sat, to say a prayer or two, sauntering off again in the twilight, which began to thicken all round us. I presently perceived that a man had placed himself on the bench by my sister, and was whisper-

ing to her. He was well dressed, and decent looking ; my surprise was all the greater when she informed me that he was a beggar, who had thought proper to address his reclamations to her in that familiar and peculiar manner. After remaining here until, what with the dim light, the distant chanting, the monotonous shuffling of feet upon the pavement, and the faint smell of incense pervading the air, I was falling into a sort of dream of St. Peter's, we rose and walked towards another chapel, where, as part of some of the peculiar ceremonies of the day, some hundreds of tapers were burning. The effect of this illuminated altar, before which knelt a large and most picturesque congregation of adorers, contrasted with the gloom which was beginning to invade the rest of the church, was very beautiful and striking. In coming hither we had passed the confessional where, on this one day of the year, a Cardinal appointed for the purpose receives in public the confession of certain great criminals, who have committed

offences for which the ordinary priest's absolution is not sufficient. The time for the Cardinal's entering the confessional had not arrived when we passed it, but there was already kneeling there a poor man, in the dress of a peasant, with his head buried in his hands, in an attitude which might have been either that of intense devotion or bitter self-reproach. On our return from the illuminated altar we found the crowd speedily gathering round this part of the church in anxious expectation of the Cardinal's arrival—the penitent neither moved from his place nor altered his attitude, while group after group of eager spectators joined themselves to the numbers waiting to witness his humiliation. The confessional was raised considerably above the pavement of the church—a species of enclosure was formed all round it, within which as many privileged and intrepid people as could effect an entrance placed themselves. At length the Cardinal entered the enclosure, and seated himself; and the man who had been awaiting his

arrival took his place at his feet, and kneeling so that the Cardinal by inclining his head brought his ear nearly on a level with his mouth, the confession began.

I had always been very desirous of witnessing this singular scene. I once saw a picture of it at the exhibition in the National Gallery ; and ——— had given me a description of it that had interested me deeply. For a length of time the two actors in the strange scene preserved the same attitudes, and it was difficult to tell from their deportment that anything so solemn as the confession of a deadly crime was passing between them. The crowd in the meantime remained silent and riveted, watching with intense interest and curiosity the effect of what he was hearing upon the Cardinal's features ; at length they became expressive of great disturbance. The crowd and the imperfect light combined to make it difficult to see distinctly ; but as I eagerly bent forward to watch what was passing, 'I saw his

face flushed, and his brow knit ; he clutched his fur tippet repeatedly with a gesture of great nervous agitation,—wiped his forehead hastily once or twice, and then spoke so low indeed that no syllable transpired, but with an appearance of earnestness and vehement solemnity that was very striking. After addressing the penitent in this extremely emphatic manner for some time, he signed the cross repeatedly and hurriedly over him ; and the impression left on my mind by his manner was that of extreme annoyance and moral disgust at the impartment he had received. As the poor man who had thus purchased rest to his conscience traversed the crowd to depart, we saw his face quite distinctly. It was a common stolid countenance, with no peculiar indication of passion or depravity upon it ; and, considering the scene in which he had just borne so conspicuous and unenviable a part, his deportment was singularly careless and unimpressed. The remaining spectators now pressed

forward in rapid succession to be touched by a wand which had been placed in the Cardinal's hand, and which he extended, I presume, in benediction over all who, passing before him, made an obeisance. I never saw anything more disgusting than the carriage of the various foreign women who surrounded us this afternoon ; but principally, I am sorry to say, Englishwomen. Their indecent curiosity, and eagerness to satisfy it ; their total apparent forgetfulness of the sacred purposes to which the place where they were was dedicated ; the coarse levity of their observations and comments upon what was going on ; their determined perseverance in their own flirtations and absurd conversation in the midst of the devotions of the people whose church they were invading ; their discussions of their own plans of amusement, all really gave a most painful impression of their want of good feeling, good sense, and good manners. As we were passing round the church, we were suddenly summoned to

make way, and several of the Swiss guard of the Pope pushed by, escorting a couple of ladies dressed in black, and making way for them among the crowd ; we hurried after them, and found that they were going to meet the procession of female pilgrims, who come up yearly to the Easter festivals to Rome, and who, on their arrival, are received by a charitable sisterhood, the members of which are taken from all classes of Roman women, many of whom are of the highest birth and rank ; they meet these poor women at the gate of St. Peter's, and escort them up the church to the illuminated altar, where they pay their devotions, after which they are taken to the Hospital of the Pilgrims, where they are lodged and entertained for three days and nights. Just as we reached the entrance of the church the procession was entering, and we stood to see them go down the nave ; weary-looking, dirty, sickly, miserable creatures, in the coarse peasant's dress of the poorest class of country people, walking two and two ; be-

tween each couple, one of the Roman sisterhood of Charity leading them by the hand. The procession was extremely numerous, and filled the vast building from one end to another. We did not stay to see them all pass in, but weary of our traveller's business of looking and listening, left the great church, while the swarm was still pouring in endless succession through its open gate into its dim depths, which were now, at the furthest extremity, quite lost in darkness.

Good Friday.—We were determined not to lose the services at the Sistine Chapel to-day, so in good time, and duly equipped in full Spanish costume, we drove to St. Peter's ; but we were so far from being the first, that it was impossible even to obtain entrance into the chapel ; at least we thought so, until we saw some Russian ladies, who arrived after us, shoulder and elbow their way through the dense mass of humanity that blocked up the door, with a moral courage and physical strength that excited our admiration,

without, however, inspiring us to imitate it. A poor priest, who, like ourselves, was content to listen to such of the holy strains as escaped beyond the precincts of the chapel, was literally so hustled by these ladies, that, *au désespoir de cause*, he fairly retreated, leaving them, after the usual fashion of the world, to enjoy the place out of which they had, by dint of effrontery, ejected their betters. Thus, in the heat, suffocation, and intolerable stench of an Italian crowd, (which those who have experienced once will not have forgotten), I heard through the door, blocked up with human figures, the few notes of the miserere which oozed through the living wall, and saw above their heads, for the first time, the visions of glory with which the vault of the Sistine Chapel is clothed. It was not, after all, we found, the famous miserere, but one by a modern composer, who has a great reputation here, of the name of Baini. After standing in this uneasy listening post till all was ended, we descended to the church, where the Pope was

expected to come and worship certain relics ; among others, the pocket-handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped our Saviour's forehead, as he carried his cross towards Calvary ; precious objects of Roman Catholic veneration, which are only exposed to the adoration of the faithful on this one day of the year. It was already late in the afternoon, and the beautiful church was filled with solemn shadows ; nothing could exceed the wonderful effect of these great long aisles, and sublime domes, under this soft and awful light. The presence of the Pope's guard, and the long procession of Cardinals, gave splendour and infinite variety to the scene, while in one of the side aisles the Brethren of Mercy, in their hideous black dominoes, looking like story-book pictures of devils more than anything else, came on in slow march, bearing banners, crucifixes, and lamps,—the most unearthly procession conceivable. The Pope himself did not come to worship the relics after all ; the duties of the holy week are extremely arduous, and the poor

old gentleman was too much exhausted to go through this part of the ceremonies of the day. At a high sort of balcony, looking down upon the baldacchino over the high altar, some priests now appeared, and walking backwards and forwards, paraded something in their hands to the eyes of the devout and edified crowd ; all went down on their knees, but as the objects they professed to see were at a height of at least a hundred feet above them, my eyes would not serve me, and having thus neither sight nor faith, I cannot tell what was exhibited at that exalted station. No sooner had the crowd dispersed after this ceremonial, than we hurried to our carriage, and drove to the house of Monsignore ———, who had obligingly promised to obtain an entrance for us at the Hospital of the Pilgrims, to see the ceremony of washing their feet ; we went thither accordingly, and, parting from our male companions at the door, who were taken on one side to see the ceremony performed by the Roman gentlemen upon the feet of the male

pilgrims, we were introduced into the female department of the Charity by Monsignore ———, who, in a sort of geranium-coloured calico blouse, with a white apron over it, ushered us into an apartment, where the door was kept by another church dignitary, similarly accoutred. Here we found ourselves in the midst of the charitable sisterhood of which I spoke yesterday, whose members received the pilgrims, and led them up the church of St. Peter's. These ladies were attired all of them either in coloured cotton gowns, or black silk; over their dresses they all had red aprons, with a large badge or device, probably that of the Charity they belong to, fastened upon the breast. This association is extremely numerous, and includes women of various ranks in society. One of the principal members of it is the Princess ———, who was pointed out to me with an air of great satisfaction by one of the humbler members of the sisterhood. Upon our entrance we were led down into a lower room, where two long tables were being laid for the pilgrims, who

were to eat the supper provided for them there after their feet had been washed ; we were inclosed in a sort of narrow alley between these two hospitable boards. The space was crowded with visitors like ourselves, most of them Englishwomen, and I again had to admire sorrowfully the exquisite bad taste of their deportment, and the comments they indulged in upon everything about them ; but especially the dress, air, manner and looks of the gentlemen, who, in the livery of the Charity, *i. e.*, the red blouse and white apron, guarded the outer door, through which we were to pass to the washing apartment, and who, when all things were in a due state of preparation, removed a bar and permitted our egress, not without, however, repeated and most necessary entreaties to the lady visitors that they would proceed gently and in order. We descended a narrow stairs, lined with ladies in their charity costume, and arrived at a low white-washed room with a stone floor, around which ran a wooden bench, upon which, with

their shoes and stockings off, sat a number of the poor women for whose supposed benefit the ceremony was about to take place. I am compelled to say *supposed*, for I think that nobody, looking at the whole scene with the eye of common sense, would have seen anything but awkwardness, embarrassment, and a sort of terrified surprise, fatigue, and shy dismay depicted on the countenances of the poor creatures, as they sat with bare feet, the gaze of the mob of chattering, giggling women, who filled the room. It is a rule that each of these pilgrims must have walked an hundred miles to entitle them to the hospitality of this institution, which, besides the problematical comfort of this public feet-washing, provides them with the less doubtful accommodation of food and lodging for three days. Most of these poor creatures were in the meanest and coarsest peasant's apparel: their filthy shoes and stockings lay beside them, ready to cover again the feet after the unwonted ablution; many of them looked ill and faint, all of them weary

and stupified with the strangeness of the scene, in which they appeared most confused and suffering actors. Before each of them knelt the lady who was to wash their feet, with hands crossed upon her breast in the attitude of prayer. In the midst of the room swarmed and flitted, like a parcel of flies, the foreign gazers, and to and fro, through the idle crowd, like so many bees, buzzed and hummed, upon their busy errand of charity, the red-apron'd ladies' hospitaliers. Presently one of the gentlemen in a blouse (I presume of course a priest) appeared; he pronounced a short prayer, and the word of command, "Lavate," was given, when the process of cleansing began, during which the same minister read aloud from an open book, and by the light of the candle held by one of the officiating ladies, a sort of church service, which lasted while the washing went on. When it was over with this set,—for the number being more than the room could accommodate, they came down by relays from the chamber above—we

withdrew to the supper-rooms to see the preparations for their refreshment. We were informed that between two and three hundred pilgrims had arrived the evening before—as many this evening; and that a still greater number might be expected to-morrow,—the last day of the Holy Week, and of their hospitable reception. The scene in the great supper-room was curious in the extreme, and must have been extremely gratifying to those who, like ———, particularly desired to see a real princess perform the offices of a servant-maid. The tables were set, knives and forks, plates, spoons, and glasses, all placed in order by ladies of various ranks of nobility, and great trays full of dishes of food were brought in in apparently endless succession, and their contents deposited on the long tables by the same noble and gentle personages. The young girls, of whom there were a great number, who, in the uniform of the Charity, bustled about, laughing, talking, and apparently enjoying extremely their tem-

porary transformation into waiting-women, gave great liveliness and animation to the scene ; while to the elder ladies it appeared a rather more onerous duty, especially as the vast room was filled to suffocation with visitors, many of whom were their personal acquaintance, to whom they had to do the honours of the sight, and between whom and the pilgrims their attentions were divided with infinite zeal and alacrity : they must have been most dreadfully tired, I am sure ; for the din, and confusion, and hot air of human breath, and steam of food, and smell of dirty fellow-creatures, (I regret to say it, pilgrims though they were,) almost made me faint. In one room the poor creatures who had gone through their washing, were all penned up together like so many cattle ; and, indeed, they looked like nothing but frightened sheep and cows, and so weary were they with their long foot-travel and these prolonged ceremonies, that many of them fell together in deep sleep, and could hardly be awakened when the nume-

rous preparations for their supper were at an end, and they were called to take their places at the tables. Even then, with the savoury and smoking plate of soup under their noses, there occurred a most tantalising delay of some time, occasioned by the non-arrival of the Cardinal whose special office it was to pronounce a benediction upon the food placed before them. This dignitary having finally arrived, and the blessing being duly uttered, we departed, leaving the hungry to the enjoyment of their meal, and the charitable to the consciousness of their virtue. Of the merit of charity and hospitality thus exercised I say nothing. I went to see the ceremony as a sight, and a most curious sight indeed it was,—illustrating in the most striking manner the very different views of duty which the human mind accepts ; but certainly not deriving much of its edification from the fulfilment of that injunction which forbids that the left hand should know the good that the right hand does.

Saturday morning.—We were alarmed and astonished at a perpetual and almost universal discharge of guns, and squibs, and crackers. Upon enquiry I found that these demonstrations were in honour of Easter-day—which, indeed, is only to-morrow ; but the days of the Holy Week not sufficing for all the religious ceremonies and celebrations which are performed in them, many of them are shifted from the days to which they properly belong, to other seasons when they can be more conveniently accomplished. To-day, therefore, being the day before Easter-day, those squibs and crackers were fired off in honour of the Resurrection, the proper commemoration of which does not, of course, occur till to-morrow. The fashion which prevails in America of firing out the old, and in the New Year, with guns and rockets, &c., always appeared to me singularly irreverent and inappropriate ; but this mode of celebrating the day of Christ's victory over the grave, struck me as ludicrous in the extreme ;

and when a whole fringe of squibs which our own servants had affixed to the balustrade of our terrace-garden, went off in detestable succession, the inappropriateness of this homage to the solemnity of the occasion was most absurd and annoying. To-day was a sort of climax to the religious carnival of the whole week, and the number of sights to be seen in the shape of strange religious ceremonies was really quite embarrassing. The eagerness with which Monsignore ——— urged upon us the curiosity and beauty of these various holy spectacles struck me as very strange. I find it difficult to imagine that frame of mind which rejoices in the unsympathising presence of crowds of strangers at the sacred services of one's religion; and it is always a marvel to me that the Catholic clergy, and even the people themselves, do not object to the careless show which foreigners make of their places of worship and religious ceremonies. To be sure foreigners are a very considerable item of profit to the Roman people

and Catholic places of worship, and so the thing resolves itself into natural elements. On the day before Easter, every year, a Jew is converted to the Roman Catholic faith, whose christening in the splendid Baptistry of St. John Lateran, is one of the great spectacles of the day. The invariable occurrence of the annual Jew, whose yearly conversion happens so opportunely, might give cavillers ground for objection; but as it was determined that we should not attend this performance, I had no opportunity of asking any of the many questions that the mere account of the celebration suggested. I thought of ——— and the compassionate sorrow that would have shaded her noble and beautiful face, at this instance of faithlessness in one of her race. How strange a thing is the human mind—how curious this love of conquest and of power, extending even into the abstract regions of religious faith, and imposing certain laws upon the thoughts and feelings of the conquered! I wonder in how many centuries of centuries Christians will believe, and

above all, allow that the service of God is perfect freedom.

Monsignore ——— persuaded us to go to-day to the Armenian Church, where, by his account, the celebrations and services were remarkably beautiful and imposing. Thither accordingly we went, and were conducted into a very small church or chapel, formed in every respect like a theatre. In front of the benches, which occupied the floor of the room, and which exactly resembled the arrangement and furnishing of a pit, was a row of arm-chairs, reserved seats or stalls, for certain high church dignitaries ; immediately before these rose a sort of stage, with two columns forming exactly a proscenium, between which was hung a curtain of gaudy-coloured flowered calico. In front of this curtain was a small portable reading-desk ; to the right and left of the walls were gaudy pictures and tawdry altars, and compared with the splendid decorations of the Roman Catholic churches, the whole thing appeared like one of

the theatres on the Boulevards at Paris, compared with the Academie Royale. At the back of the pit was a low sort of wooden screen, and between this and the gate which opened upon the street, a numerous, noisy, dirty crowd of gaping spectators pressed themselves with unceremonious curiosity. After waiting a long while for the service to begin, a priest, in an extremely gay dress of pink and green satin, profusely embroidered with gold and silver, came from behind the curtain, and opening a book on the desk—the Scriptures, I believe—began reading, or rather chanting aloud in a most monotonous nasal tone, which was as unpleasant as ludicrous to ears unaccustomed to it. This chanting lasted a very long time, and towards the end of it, five other priests came also from behind the curtain and stationed themselves in front of it, joining their voices in alternate responses to the performance of their predecessor. At length the calico curtains were drawn aside, and the high altar was revealed,

with the primate or high priest most gorgeously adorned, standing in front of it, supported by two other priests in almost equally splendid dresses. This priest had been pointed out to me in the gardens of the Villa Borghese one day, and I had then been struck with his extremely fine head and face, and the picturesque dignity of his whole appearance ; to-day, therefore, in his shining gold and silver robes, and peculiar-shaped rich mitre, the whole effect of his person was most striking. The dresses of all the priests were extremely gorgeous ; but it irked me excessively, under the green, and pink, and yellow satin robes of the choristers and assistants, to detect the dirty stockings and coarse boots and shoes of common every-day modern attire, the whole thing was so like an indifferent theatrical spectacle, where the very same show of dirty boots and shoes, and trowser legs, obtrudes itself below the costumes of some splendid Eastern guard, or Roman senator's red-striped toga. The service

now performed by these priests exceeded in the grotesqueness of the intonations in which it was chanted, anything I ever heard, or could have surmised ; and in spite of the most serious annoyance at experiencing such an effect from any worship, I found myself almost in convulsions of suppressed laughter, which I in vain endeavoured to control or conceal, and which painfully seized and shook me from head to foot, at each renewal, after a pause of these extraordinary sounds. I have seen the uncouth and hideous religious gambols of the shaking Quakers, but even their most grotesque worship did not affect me as the howling and whining and nasal droning of this extraordinary Armenian service. I dared not look either to the right or the left, and was in terror lest, by some sudden explosion of laughter, I should disgrace myself among my companions, and desecrate the solemnity. How I did repent coming to a church out of curiosity ! No description can give any correct idea of these singular sounds, which began in a discordant

plaintive whine through the nose by one priest at a time, and gradually swelled to a sort of howl or yell by the joining in of the others, and then it died away in quavering uncertainty, and then rose again in the same solitary disconsolate whine. How they ever learn to do it, or having learnt remember how to do it right,—if there is a right or a wrong, or if the whole be not one grand nasal *ad libitum*,—were ideas which, in the interval of my inward spasms of laughter, exercised my mind extremely ; it is impossible to experience a greater sense of relief than I did when the whole was ended. ——— said the chanting bore a strong resemblance to certain musical performances of the Arabs. It is curious that among the things borne round the altar in their various processions by the priests, were some cymbals of an extremely ancient form, resembling very nearly certain Egyptian instruments used in the sacred ceremonies of Isis. The winding up of this extraordinary exhibition was worthy of the whole. One of the priests

came forward with a basket of consecrated wafers, of which he presented one to each of the personages in the front row of the congregation ; an immediate rush of the whole assembly followed ; the basket and priest were all but annihilated ; people got upon chairs and benches, and pushed each other, and thrust themselves, and struggled, and kicked, and fought for these wafers ; one poor man was thrown down, and in great danger of being converted into instantaneous dust under the feet of the pious crowd, and it was not without considerable difficulty, that, without venturing to make the slightest pretensions to the possession of a holy wafer, we extricated ourselves, and made good our retreat with life and limb from the holy tumult. I was extremely amused before the services began, and while we were silently waiting for their commencement, at observing a furious dumb dispute going on between an impudent brazen-looking Italian, and a spiteful sour-faced English woman, for a chair, which the former had seized upon,

and though, not using, chose to retain, and to which the latter kept giving a series of persistive pertinacious twitches, in spite of the dragon glances by which it was forbidden her to touch it. The countenances of the two women, too, were comical; the audacious effrontery of the one, the bitter sharp insistive determination of the other; it was really a most curious scene; the Italian had the best of it. In the first place, she had original possession of the chair, and so the Englishwoman's case was hopeless; but she comforted herself by keeping her fingers tight clenched upon the back of it, and her curds-and-whey face, with its pale unripe blue eyes, and thin compressed lips, fastened with a sort of spiteful fascination upon the coarse bronzed features of her antagonist.

——— did not dine at home to-day, having appointed to go with his uncle to a certain church where the congregation, of men only, perform on this evening of the year a holy flagellation upon themselves. The lights at a

given signal are extinguished, and during a loud voiced exhortation from the pulpit, a castigation of about ten minutes is zealously carried forward by the devoutly disposed, who are furnished with ropes'-ends or leathern thongs for this purpose, to the considerable peril of unparticipating assistants, who occasionally receive some of the blows intended for the self-edification of the performers. ——— and his uncle protected their faces with their hats, under this apprehension; and by his account the ceremony must have been a very curious one.

The moon being nearly full, we drove to the Coliseum, and the change of associations and impressions from all these senseless observances, and the gaudy, and, at the same time, mean church pageants we had been seeing, to the still solemnity of beautiful night among those sublime ruins, was most impressive. We wandered up and down the vast area, all flooded with the soft light which had wooed forth numbers like ourselves to the enjoyment of the beautiful

scene. The groups that passed and re-passed us spoke all the languages of Europe—French, German, English, Russian—and it was a strange thing to see them lingering round the Cross, that marks the centre of the great slaughter-ground where the barbarian forefathers of their races made sport with their death agonies for the great Roman people. I often think, if I were a modern Italian, but especially one of those who live under the Austrian yoke, my principal enjoyment would be looking at the statue of the Dying Gladiator, in the Capitol, and remembering the time when the hordes of Germanic tribes furnished the lives that were sacrificed for “a Roman holiday.” This is not very amiable; but I am afraid, if I were an Italian, I should rather incline to such sentiments, and yet the wiser among them may well take patience—the great field of Roman glory is but lying fallow. For the full ripening of such a power as that colossal empire, how many hundreds of years were

needed ?—there must be a proportionate time of rest before the people of those lands can reproduce the elements of political greatness. The priest-ridden ignorance and superstition, the laziness, the imbecility, of the present government, are but like the dung spread over the soil ; the seeds ferment below that shall again cover these glorious countries with the noblest harvests of humanity ; for in the moral, as the physical world, corruption is the cause of regeneration, just, unfortunately, as in civilisation, ripeness has hitherto preceded rottenness but by a little space. It yet remains to be proved if Christianity, when it shall have begun to actuate nations, as well as individuals, cannot prevent this hitherto infallible progress.

To return to Rome : ——— said, that drawing among the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, made him sad to think of the great glories past, the present shame. As a Roman I too should feel sad, and I do pity those of her sons who have a consciousness of her degradation ; for God may

well be patient with defect, whose absolute perfection surveys time but as a part, while we, shut in within the limits of our span-short life, would have the great world-picture complete before us, and every individual life about us perfect; because the smallest particle of that part—Time—is all that we inherit here. Nor is it impatience of incompleteness and defect alone that makes our discontent—it is the dear desire of perfection, the charter of our immortality, the title-deed and proof of our own power of progress, that causes the discontent of the soul, that, like a defeated heir, is condemned to toil upon a narrow corner of its own wide and rich inheritance. As a pilgrim, however, to this land of noble memories, I look with hopeful eyes upon the mental and moral torpor that brood over it. This swoon is but for a time; it is a deep sleep, in which strength is gradually gathered for a resurrection; the smouldering fire of liberty lies under the dust and ashes that cover it,

and every now and then the sparks escape and lambent flames play here and there about the embers, that give token of the light and heat within, and foretel the ultimate blaze that shall break forth and irradiate this garden of the earth. To return to the Coliseum : many parties were wandering separately above and below through the ruined arches of the building, and the contrasts of light produced by the white moonlight, and the ruddy glow of the torches passing along the passages and up the flights of steps, together with the shadowy figures preceding and following them, were wonderfully beautiful. After wandering round, we sat down and rested awhile on some fallen fragments of columns. How many thoughts were suggested by the solemn scene and season, now at this great rejoicing time of the followers of Christ ! How strange it was for us to sit here, where his early confessors sealed their despised faith with their lives ! How that triumphant cross, whose

sanctity now guards the grand heathen ruin crumbling round it, carried back one's mind to the victims, whose blood was poured out like water upon the very soil where it now stands! Imagination suggested the spirits of these holy martyrs now at this sacred season hovering over this scene of their agony, and the wondrous world — history unrolled itself back to that most wondrous page in it, the crucifixion of the despised Nazarene, whose worship, like the gradual growing of the light of day, is spreading itself abroad over all the nations of the earth. After leaving this wonderful place—thrice wonderful! thrice beautiful!—we proceeded home through the Forum, and here we stopped the carriage again, and paused to look round and remember. Visions of the old glorious Rome rose before us in the clear moonlight—the joyful procession of those early conquerors, in the fabulous times of her history—the white-robed Roman youths

marching from Veii, and bearing the image of Juno Regina to her new temple on the Capitol—the blue-eyed wondering Gauls, wandering through the deserted streets and places, and gazing up, even as we then did, at the fortress that then held within its narrow precincts the future hopes and fortunes of Rome, and folded, as within its kernel, the great future tree, that life of conquest and renown, whose rumour still fills the world—that Cæsar who was to subjugate their tribes with his sword, and chronicle them with his pen. Then floating down the broader, brighter stream of history, we thought of the tumult, the alarm, the rushing of people, the stir of voices, and the tramp of hurrying feet, when Brutus, waving his dagger above his head, red with that very conqueror's blood, and followed by the mass of the whole Senate, came down to quell the raging of the people, and justify the murder of their idol. What place was ever yet so rich in memory,

so full of thought! After leaving this consecrated quarter of Rome—no offence to St. Peter's or the Vatican—it was strange enough to drive along the streets full of holiday folks on Easter-eve errands. The cheese and bacon shops presented a most peculiar aspect; they were hung with garlands, frescoes were painted all down the sides of the flitches of bacon, and between the rows of symmetrically-arranged cheese, little flaring lamps were placed, giving to the whole shop a brilliancy of illumination little short of a prophecy of the lighting up of St. Peter's to-morrow. The pastrycooks' shops are full of holy symbols done in comfits; and lambs bearing crosses, and doves and triangles surrounded with glories, and other mystical types of the holiest things of the Christian faith, are exposed in sugar and butter to tempt the appetites of the devoutly disposed. Great baskets full of the Easter eggs stand at the shop doors, and the pervading love of ornament

of this most ornamental people has even extended itself to the decking of these with little bunches of artificial flowers and tufts of feathers. I cannot say, however, that they were by any means as beautiful as the elegant and splendid Easter eggs which ——— brought with her from Russia.

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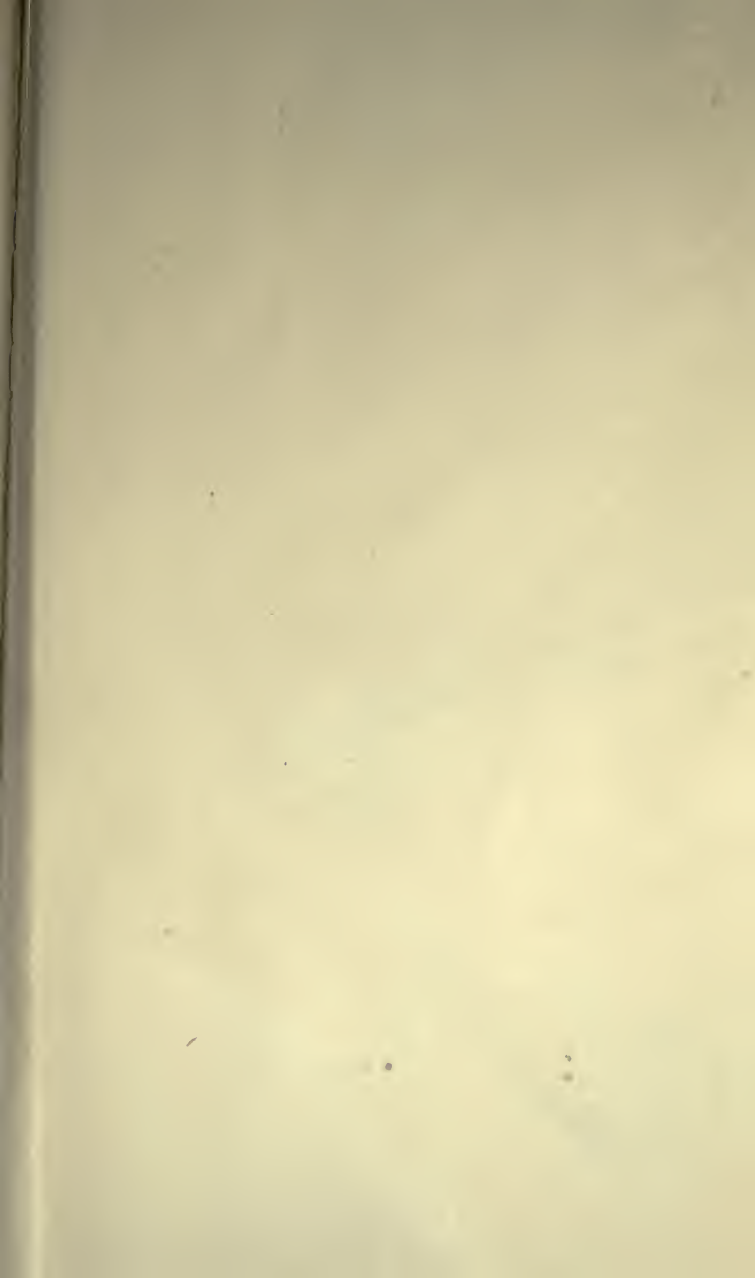
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